

Do All Gay Men Marry Their Fathers?

N E W DEC 11 1980 Y O R K

NATIVE

March 9-22, 1981

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Sex Roles and Modern Dance

The Jose Limon Company's production of *The Unsung*

**Requiem
for
Flamingo**

**Dorothy Allison
on
Coming Out**

Indicted, Fired, Evicted

Discussing Gay Sex a Felony in Cincinnati



by Larry Bush

"What right does that station have to let that FAGGOT talk to his gay friends over the air?"

a Hamilton County, Ohio, prosecutor asked last week. He answered his own question by bringing four criminal felony counts against the broadcaster, carrying a possible 20-year prison term for "disseminating material harmful to juveniles."

The charges are believed to be the first brought against a broadcaster for on-air remarks, and the case seems to both put the gay community on notice and to

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NOW ON SALE!

More News On Amebiasis

Will Aitken
On
Pasolini

Michael Grumley's
New
Fiction

Richard Plant
on That New
Nazi Book

Christopher Street

**The Sculpture that Shook
New York...**

James
Saslow
on the
George Segal
Controversy



A Profile of Henry Geldzahler



Cover photo: Tom Kerrigan
Michael Leonard

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WELCOME TO THE

N E W · Y O R K

NATIVE

WE HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT.

- *SHOULD GAYS START A POLITICAL PARTY IN MANHATTAN?
- *ARE KOCH'S FRIENDS YOUR ENEMIES?
- *IS WESTWAY A NIGHTMARE FOR GAYS?
- *CAN GAYS TURN THE SUBWAY SYSTEM AROUND?
- *DOES NEW YORK NEED TO BE RE-DESIGNED?
- *ARE THE NEW DRUG CRACKDOWNS ANTI-GAY?
- *ARE THE SCHOOLS HOMOPHOBIC?
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- *CAN YOU MAKE A MILLION IN GAY BUSINESS?
- *IS BISEXUALITY THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE?
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- *SHOULD YOU BOYCOTT CHANNEL THIRTEEN?
- *WILL EVERY GAY HAVE A LOFT ONE DAY?
- *SHOULD GAY MEN AND LESBIANS HAVE CHILDREN?
- *SHOULD EVERY NEIGHBORHOOD HAVE A GAY STATUE?
- *SHOULD MORE GAYS MOVE TO MANHATTAN?
- *DO ALL GAY PEOPLE VOTE?
- *SHOULD HALF OF ALL GAYS BECOME REPUBLICAN?
- *IS FLAGYL EVEN REMOTELY SAFE?

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The Rancor Continues

Vito Russo's review of *La Cage aux Folles II* [Native 6] echoes what I've heard from every gay person I know who saw the film. Not one of them liked it. All were offended by it. The thing that amazes me, however, is that I'm the only person I know who hated *La Cage aux Folles I*—a fact which makes me wonder if I've become overly dogmatic in my old age... or if everyone else's consciousness has undergone a post-activist falling.

Vito hits the nail squarely on the head when he points out that non-gay audiences were laughing at us and not with us. I remember sitting through the movie feeling a growing anger, and leaving the theater feeling rage.

Was I the only one? And if I was the only one—how come? What was so funny about *La Cage aux Folles I*?

Suppose the film had taken place in Berlin in the 1930s. Suppose the son of a middle-class Jewish couple brought home the daughter of a Nazi official. Picture it: Papa taking down the *mezuzah* and putting up the crucifix. Mama trying to figure out how to prepare a suckling pig. Mama teaching Papa how to walk like an Aryan and Papa failing miserably to butter a meat sandwich. Ha. Ha. Ha.

If that one doesn't grab you, how about changing it to a story about a Catholic family in Ulster, or an East Indian family in Uganda, or ethnic Greeks in Turkey? Ha. Ha. Ha.

Am I the only one who found *La Cage aux Folles I* to be a racist horror story?

Just after *La Cage aux Folles II* opened, a reporter from one of the TV news programs went to interview the people lined up waiting to get into the theater. A gay man said something about the films making an important statement about gay people. He was followed by a non-gay couple with their ten-year-old daughter. "Yeah," the kid said. She loved *La Cage aux Folles I*. What was it about? "Some faggots putting on makeup." Ha. Ha. Ha.

Edward Sherman
Manhattan

Clips from the Capital

In his column, Media Watch, in *Native* 5 (Feb. 9-23, 1981), David Rothenberg refers to the National Security Agency's decision to retain a gay employee, and he states that he didn't see the story reported in the New York press. I enclose two clippings from the *Washington Blade* and one from the *Washington Post*, which you may have for your files.

I wrote to Michael Getler, the *Washington Post* reporter, thanking him for his article, which I thought was a model of unbiased reporting (unusual for the *Post*) and enclosed an entire copy of the *Native* 2 which had the story about Joe

Nicholson's coming out at the New York Post. It may thus get around the newsroom there. I have also sent a copy to the *Arlington* (Va.) *Journal*, a local suburban newspaper, and have a copy to send to the *Washington Star*.

Last Sunday I gave Brandon Judell's interview with James Baldwin (*Native* 4) to Rev. David H. Eaton, minister of All Souls Unitarian Church in Washington—black, Oxford-educated, a leading liberal in Washington, and a supporter of gay rights. I thought you might pass this information on to your friends on the *Native* staff.

I enjoyed Mr. Rothenberg's columns in *Gayweek* and am delighted to see him in print again.

James R. Bowman
Arlington, VA

New Light on the Creationist Theory

I was amused to note, in Paul Grossman's interview with Rabbi Abraham Hecht in the Feb. 23-March 8 issue, a curious turn of phrase in the Talmudic scholar's theology. According to his reading of the Bible, "God created man, man was unhappy, so He created woman. He could have created another homo. Why did he have to make a woman for?"

Another homo? So Adam was a member of the tribe, too? Thanks, Rabbi, for showing me the light!

Eric Gordon
Manhattan

CR in the Greenhouse

Your *Native* 7 covered intelligently some of our most difficult political moments, as in the Nazi-like police raid in Toronto.

It was, however, dismaying to see a valuable newspaper space wasted for a full page of Bonsai trivia. Since when have Bonsai had anything to do with gay news and the gay struggle? Unless there is some hidden gay meaning in Bonsai pruning. I am protesting your waste of space and needed energy that should have instead covered the work gays are doing here and abroad.

Amerigo Marras
Manhattan

The Problem with Pitts

I was surprised to see a story headlined "Station Fires Gay DJ" in your last issue [*Native* 7]. I was surprised by the inaccuracy of the reporting and how inappropriate it seems for these times, with all the important issues that need to be discussed concerning the gay com-

munity.

Your article would have been closer to the real issues involved in the dismissal of Charles Pitts if your reporter had taken the time to contact me. As director of gay male programming at WBAI, I have access to information that other members of my department might not have. I meet with Samori Marksman, our program director, and the other department heads on a regular basis.

Because I attend these meetings I am aware that Charles Pitts is not being singled out for criticism; gay air time on WBAI is not being reduced. Many live radio producers have been asked to make fundamental changes in their approach to the art of radio. Charles Pitts refused to even start a dialogue regarding his program. He told me, "Either you like it or you don't." He refused to meet with the program director when I suggested it would be the best thing to do in this situation.

It is impossible for us to work with such rigid positions. Charles Pitts gave us very little choice but to let him go. As an editor, I ask you: what would you do with a writer who refused to discuss his work with you?

Isaac Jackson
Director, Gay Men's Program
WBAI-FM

At What Price Profit?

On a recent Saturday afternoon, my lover and I were showing some out-of-town friends around the Village.

One of our stops was the Erotic Baker on Christopher Street. For those not familiar with this establishment, it specializes in novelty cakes, baked goods, and confections made to resemble various body parts (such as breasts, vaginas, penises, etc.), and words spelled out in white and dark chocolate (e.g. *lover*).

Prominently displayed on one of the more visible shelves was the word *queer* in white chocolate letters. My response was one of surprise and shock that any establishment on Christopher Street would display such an offensive item, especially a store such as this.

Very calmly and politely I queried one of the two women behind the counter as to why the item was displayed, explaining that the word *queer* was every bit as offensive as words like *pussy*, *cunt*, *nigger*, *spic*, *woop*, *chink*, or *kike*.

The response was an apathetic shrug of the shoulders, and, "Well, I don't know what to tell you, the owners are away on vacation." When I asked when they were expected to return, the other woman, apparently the manager, replied in an extremely hostile and nasty tone, "What's the matter with you? Not everybody takes offense to that word, and if you don't like it, you don't have to come into my store." I realized that it would be pointless to explain that the sentiment she had just espoused was very similar to that expressed by those who exploit women through pornography by saying, "If women don't like it, they don't have to watch it"—two equally ridiculous notions.

Exploitation of the lesbian and gay community for profit is nothing new. A number of merchants in the Greenwich Village area and a vast number city-wide (both straight and gay), sell and display merchandise which exploits and contributes to the oppression of lesbians and gay men. They pander to the straight community's oppressive and bigoted tastes.

It is time that we ceased allowing ourselves to be exploited for the sake of the almighty dollar. Although I would be happy to defend the right of any merchant to sell and display whatever merchandise he or she wishes, I feel it is time we exercised our rights as consumers to express our disapproval. I don't feel that a boycott is always the answer, as some merchants exploit the community through sheer ignorance or stupidity. There are other effective ways. Voice your opinion to the store manager or owner in person, through the mail, or by phone.

If we begin using our power as consumers to reward those merchants who are sympathetic to us (and the majority of them in Greenwich Village are) and force those who choose to exploit us to change their tune, we will emerge as a recognized economic bloc to whom the business community will be forced to be responsive.

We must begin making the fuel for the fires of exploitation and oppression harder to come by.

David Shapiro
Manhattan

Didn't Say It

Your edition of March 9-22 carried an article regarding my potential candidacy for a council-at-large seat from Brooklyn in the coming election. The article, however, attributed a statement to me which I did not make.

Councilman Vincent Riccio, who narrowly defeated me in 1977 after invoking Anita Bryant, was indicted on a number of counts last year for alleged misuse of funds from the New York State Temporary Commission on Child Welfare. However, I never made the attributed remark regarding his personal life, relationships, or disposition of funds in question, nor do I know the attributed remark to be true in fact.

I respectfully request that you take all necessary and appropriate action to correct this matter.

Gary Deane
Brooklyn

WE STILL WANT YOU

The NATIVE still needs news writers. And business writers. And sports writers. And restaurant reviewers.

Interested? Call Brett Averill at (212) 929-7334 or send clips and a resume to him at:

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Best Seller List

Hardbound

1. *Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality*, by John Boswell (University of Chicago, \$27.50).
2. *Walt Whitman: A Life*, by Justin Kaplan (Simon & Schuster, \$15).
3. *Aphrodisiac: Fiction from Christopher Street Magazine* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, \$12.95).
4. *Now That You Know*, by Betty Fairchild and Nancy Hayward (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$8.95).
5. *Kevin*, by Wallace Hamilton (St. Martin's Press, \$10.95).

Paperbound

1. *Meat*, Edited by Winston Leyland (Gay Sunshine Press, \$10).
2. *Gaywreck*, by Vincent Vigna (Avon Books, \$2.95).
3. *Vermilion*, by Nathan Aldyne (Avon Books, \$2.25).
4. *Choices*, by Nancy Toder (Persephone Press, \$6).
5. *States of Desire: Travels in Gay America*, by Edmund White (Bantam, \$3.95).

Did Brando Mind?

With the rash of libel suits being brought against large-circulation periodicals by Hollywood stars these days, it sometimes seems difficult to think of a celebrity who has never taken a newspaper to court. Arthur Bell thinks he has found one.

Jack Nicholson, in town to promote Bob Rafelson's remake of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, told Bell that just once he has contemplated suing. During the filming of *Missouri Breaks* a few years ago, a Mexican newspaper ran a story headlined: "I WAS MARLON BRANDO'S LOVER," by Jack Nicholson.

Nicholson said he wouldn't have minded the rumor—if only it hadn't been couched in the first person.

Together Forever

Many older couples in the gay community have expressed a need to know that they will have somebody next to them after death and at a recent meeting at Hunter College on aging, a gay couple had already had their hands full of problems at a cemetery in Queens. The cemetery they had contacted refused to sell them a "family plot" or adjoining crypt sites claiming that it "didn't fit into" the cemetery's image.

Claiming that "it's about time the gay community began to take responsibility for themselves," Pam Urtall, a spokesman for a new gay cemetery located in New Jersey, announced the beginning of sales of plots next month.

Urtall further explained that "it is part of an existing cemetery area, but it has absolutely private entrances, private gates, and it's consecrated land."

With flat headstones, a brand-new chapel, and an above-ground mausoleum, it already has a waiting list of people just dying to get in.



Film to Record Historic March

An independent film group is gathering material for a film on the October 14th National March on Washington and is hoping to produce the film in time for this year's Gay Pride Week.

Nora Conant, spokesperson for Women Make Movies, is appealing for still photographs taken during the march and of the marchers while in Washington: "Black and white, color prints, or slides are acceptable, and we

will, of course, cover all printing expenses for those shots we use. Should the donor wish, they will be given screen credit for their photographs."

Material accompanied with an SASE will be returned promptly. Send all material to:

The October 14th Film Project
Women Make Movies
257 West 19th Street
New York, N.Y. 10011

Join the Immoral Majority

MEMBER

IMMORAL
MINORITY

After suffering a near-cardiac arrest from reading our article "Join The Moral Majority," (Urban Affairs, *Native* 6) Ellen Inger wrote us saying, "The suggestion (of joining the MM's mailing list) is terrific. Not only will being in the computers of the Moral Majority help to use their endless funds but it will also keep us informed as to what they have up their sinister sleeves!"

Ms. Inger has also come up with an

ingenious way of showing which majority you belong to with buttons and bumper stickers that read, "MEMBER IMMORAL MINORITY."

These symbols of democracy cost \$1 for two buttons and \$1 each for bumper stickers, and bulk rates for each item are available. Order directly from:
Ellen Inger Promotional Specialties
139 Derby Street
Valley Stream, New York 11581

Heavy and Happy



"You're fat!" This is no revelation to the person receiving this intended insult, but it can take years for fat people

to overcome a negative self-image—no small feat in this slim-oriented (gay) society. "It probably took me years longer than it should have because I didn't know that anybody in the gay community might like a 'chubby'." I overheard at a meeting of a wonderful new group.

Helping others to dispel the negative stigma attached to being overweight is a social group called Girth & Mirth.

Membership in this organization entitles the member to attend all of their social gatherings—where chubbies and chubby-chasers meet—and to receive their monthly newsletter, *The Fat Apple Review*. Members may also place personal ads in the pen pal section of the paper.

For membership applications or for more information, write:

Girth & Mirth of New York
c/o Ernie Harff
47 Lorraine Terrace
Mount Vernon, New York 10553

Recording Silence

Serving New York's lesbian community is the Lesbian Herstory Archives. The Archives collects and disseminates first hand accounts of what it was (and is) like to be a lesbian in New York.

The Archives has announced a new series, *At Home With the Archives*. On April 3, the series will be presenting "Recording Silence," poems by Delia D. Greaves, and *Mariposa*, a novel by Jeriann Hilderley, both writers reading from their unpublished works.

The readings are at 7:30 and the donation requested is \$2. This reading is for women only and you can call 874-7232 for more information and the location of the readings.

Kiss Me I'm Gay

Every year there are complainers at the Gay Pride Parade who walk 90 blocks, bitching about the lack of creativity in the buttons, logos, and designs used in association with the march. For those complainers, now is the time to do something about it.

CSLDC has just announced an open competition for the best design of the official button of the Twelfth Annual Christopher Street Liberation Day march and rally.

As an added incentive to artists, two prizes are being offered to the creator of the winning design. \$100 in cash and a dinner for two at the Philippine Garden restaurant will be awarded to the winner.

The button will be used to publicize the march and rally to be held on June 28th. The CSLDC also uses the button to help raise funds for the staging of the march.

Button designs must be non-sexist, non-ageist, non-racist, and pro-lesbian and gay. Designs may include a maximum of three colors and must fit a round button approximately 2.25 inches in diameter. Designs must include the legend "CSLDC '81" on them and must include the sender's name, address, and phone number. The deadline for submissions is April 15, and the winning design will be determined by a majority vote of six judges.

Send all submissions to:
CSLDC-Button Contest
c/o Gay Media Alliance
P.O. Box 27
Vanderveer Station
Brooklyn, New York 11210

Right On, Sir!

Gay-Male-S/M Activists (GMSMA), an organization for gay males who are seriously interested and involved in S-M, has formed in New York "for purposes of discussion, learning, support, and the establishment of a positive presence in the gay community."

The group will provide a forum for

Continued in next column

Steve Ross Renews an Old Tradition

The Algonquin Hotel is a landmark to eccentricity, indulgence, and grace *du temps perdu*. Its fabled Oak Room, where Dorothy Parker, "Tiny" Woolcott, George S. Kaufman, Moss Hart, James Thurber, and Robert Benchley raised many a glass whilst plotting the American sense of humor, has been without live entertainment since 1941, when the great Greta Keller sang "Thanks For The Memory."

For the first time since 1941, the room is alive again with lyrical wit and musical sophistication in the tuxedoed form of one Steve Ross, who is the most captivating nightclub entertainer we've seen in many months. Perched behind the piano, he maneuvers deftly from Cole Porter to Stephen Sondheim, from Noel Coward (including his rarely sung verses to Porter's "Let's Do It") to Stevie Wonder, crooning to patter, bringing era to bear on era through an enormous variety of styles and a ready repertoire of many hundreds of songs.

The Algonquin Hotel is located at 59 West 44th Street. Shows 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Thursdays through Sundays. Call 840-6800 for reservations.



Photos: Harold Jay Klein

All submissions for the Urban Affairs section should be sent to:

Harold Jay Klein
Christopher Street Magazine
250 West 57th Street, Suite 417
New York City, N.Y. 10107

Sorry You've Got Crabs...Fa-la-la-la

Imagine the Statue of Liberty singing a birthday wish to your lover; Mae West crooning an anniversary wish to your parents; a gorilla arriving at a formal dinner party to convey your best wishes to the hostess.

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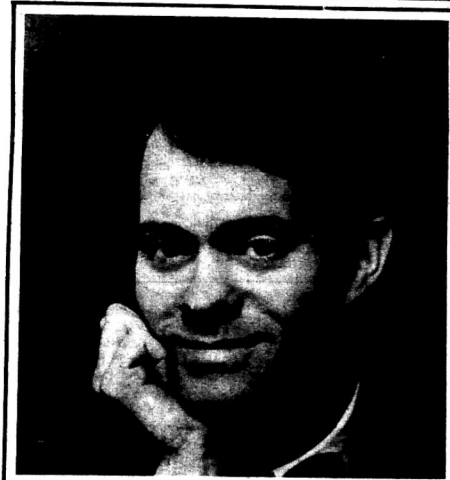
Perfect for Jogging... Perfect for Parties...


These four sweatshirts are not your average gray sweat-absorbers, but the latest in designer sportswear made exclusively for Lugini For Men, 218 Third Ave.

These shirts are wonderful for bike riding, walking on the beach, jogging, or casual wear, and cost between \$20 (for


the solids) and \$25 (for the striped).

These shirts were rare because of their popularity ("As soon as we got in a new shipment they were gone."), as well as production problems that had them out of stock as well. But they are now plentiful and just in time for spring.





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Deane Prepares for a Second Try at Council Seat

After a remarkable near-victory in the 1977 City Council election, Gary Deane, the first openly gay candidate ever to make the ballot in New York, is considering doing it again. Deane, who ran on the Liberal Party ticket, is once again actively seeking the party's endorsement as well as support from the gay community to reorganize an effort that would put a homosexual on the City Council.

Deane based his 1977 campaign—an intense three-way fight for one of the two available at-large seats allotted to Brooklyn—on issues of corruption, fair housing, and human rights. He received liberal support from throughout the borough as well as an avalanche of endorsements from big-name politicians such as Liz Holtzman, Ramsey Clark, Bella Abzug, and Herman Badillo. Even the *New York Times*, describing him as "an outstanding liberal candidate," urged Brooklyn voters to support him.

However, in an eleventh-hour effort to usurp what seemed an imminent liberal victory, Conservative Vincent Riccio invited singer Anita Bryant—then riding the crest of her Dade County victory—to help wage war against his opponent. Although Bryant apparently never responded to the request, extensive coverage by the *Daily News*—which supported Riccio's candidacy—helped draw anti-homosexual sentiment to the surface and make Deane's sexuality a pivotal campaign issue. On election day, Riccio defeated Deane by a slender two percent.

Although disappointing, the 1977 defeat has not dissuaded Deane from intense political activity. In January 1978 he helped co-found Lambda In-

dependent Democrats of Brooklyn, a group which has since developed into gay New York's single most effective political club. In the two years since its founding, it has succeeded in getting three openly gay people onto budgetary community boards and getting founding member Ginny Apuzzo onto the powerful platform committee of the Democratic National Convention.

"Politicians are just beginning to recognize the voting power of gays," says Deane. "We've got to show them we can defeat candidates as well as get them elected."

If Deane can garner enough support to run in the upcoming councilmanic election, it appears he may once again be able to use the issue of alleged corruption to his advantage. He told *Native* last week, "It is ironic, to say the least, that Riccio [since his election] has been slapped with 12 to 13 charges of funding misappropriation—including, I might add, using city money to finance his mistress's abortion. And he campaigned against me as a gay by upholding himself as spokesman for Brooklyn's homes and churches."

Deane says he is ready to run for City Council again this fall. The only question left, he insists, is whether the members of the gay community want someone on the council badly enough to reach into their pockets and pay for it. "Otherwise," he admits, "it would be suicide for me to try. I'm still in debt from the last election."

Contributions to Deane's campaign may be sent to Lambda Independent Democrats, 22 Tompkins Place, Brooklyn.

—Paul Grossman

Group Forms to "Improve" Village

A group of gay residents and merchants has organized to fight drugs, crime, and litter in the West Village. Over a dozen persons met Feb. 9 at Washington Square Methodist Church and adopted the name Village Improvement through a Local Lesbian and Gay Effort—or VILLAGE for short.

One of the organizers, Community Board 2 member David Shapiro, said the group would be "an alliance of local lesbian and gay merchants, residents, bar owners and others outside of the Village" who were interested in the neighborhood's welfare.

As a community group, VILLAGE would not restrict itself to gay issues, Shapiro added.

Another organizer, Gerry Calder, said the initial focus of the group would be Christopher Street, the major gay thoroughfare which has also become a center for dope selling.

"Christopher Street is a very big

problem," said Calder, who has lived on Greenwich Street near the corner of Christopher for four years. He called the drug sales "terribly offensive" and blamed the activity on non-gay pushers and gay customers.

Calder said VILLAGE would hope to be a "buffer" between gay and straight residents. Such a group would have defused the dispute last fall over the placement of George Segal's *Gay Liberation* sculpture in Christopher Park, he claimed. "This is one thing I don't want to see again," he stressed.

Calder also asserted that problems such as litter and offensive attire ("rears sticking out"), left unchecked, would strengthen the efforts of some residents to "clear us all out of here."

The group will hold its first public meeting on March 3 at 7:30 p.m. at the Washington Square Methodist Church, 135 West 4th Street.

Station Fires Gay DJ

Radio call-in show host Charles Pitts says station WBAI-FM has dismissed him, and he said, "Terminal Aphasia," ran the last time Feb. 20.

Pitts said the decision had come from program Director Samori Marksman, who directly oversees "live radio" programming. Pitts said he learned of it the following morning when he checked his answering service and found a message from Gay Men's Department head Isaac Jackson.

Two days later, though, a station spokesperson said he had not heard of the cancellation. Marksman, out of town, was unavailable for comment.

"Terminal Aphasia" aired every other Friday morning from 3 to 7. Pitts said he had produced the free-form program without compensation for "about six months." The non-commercial station depends heavily on volunteer announcers.

Pitts thought his dismissal stemmed

from a directive by Marksman that the show stick to "current gay issues" and have more guest appearances. Pitts said he refused because it conflicted with WBAI's tradition of not restricting producers.

Pitts, who is now a production engineer at WNCN, was a paid employee at WBAI from 1968 to 1973. He was fired in 1973, he said, for discussing subjects such as pederasty and S-M.

Pitts said he hoped to return to WBAI "when the political climate was more conducive."

WBAI, at 99.5 FM, is the only New York City radio station that schedules regular gay and lesbian programs. Other programs include the Lesbian Show and Gay Rap. David Wynyard of the Gay Men's Department also has a call-in show on alternate Friday mornings from 3 to 7.

—David Feinberg

Notes on the Underground

These days the Underground Disco is having more than its fair share of problems—with the media, with the liquor board, and with its own bouncers who apparently decide who is and isn't proper material to be seen in this East 17th Street basement disco.

On Sunday, Feb. 15, a young man (who asked not to be identified) attempted to enter the disco. When he was informed at the front desk that he wasn't "the type of person" the Underground caters to, he left and waited outside to see exactly who the right type is.

After about five minutes, he says he witnessed a gay couple enter and not be turned away. Once again, he attempted to reenter and was again turned away by the two bouncers at the front door.

After a five-minute argument, the individual decided to ignore the guards and enter anyway. He laid the admission price on the desk and walked through.

He says he was immediately grabbed and thrown to the floor, where he was repeatedly kicked and punched. He says he was then ejected from the club.

While the Underground refuses to acknowledge the incident, a *Native* staff member who was on the scene said that the report was accurate and that he had seen the victim being held down on the floor.

Legal sources informed the man that because he was unable to name the individuals who assaulted him, and since the Underground will not admit that physical abuse is the disco's policy, he had no grounds for filing a legal action.

The Underground has also been having difficulties with the straight press. In a recent issue of the *New York Daily News*, People page editors Phil Roura and Tom Poster reported that the disco was attempting a policy change in

an attempt to make itself the center of straight disco in lower Manhattan. The article stated: "It once was a disco catering exclusively to the gay community, but now The Underground at 17th St. and Broadway is trying to change. The straight set is more than welcome. In fact, encouraged."

According to Steve Cohen, one of the promoters at the Underground, "Since its opening, [the Underground] has been primarily gay on Thursday and Sunday nights. Saturday and Sunday they have always tried to have a mixed, Studio [54] crowd. Business was not particularly successful on the two nights and so they simply had a party."

"It was never an exclusively gay discotheque," Cohen continued. "They're also not trying to change but to promote the policy they've had all along."

He went on to call the *News* "blatantly misleading," but said that he didn't suspect it would hurt business at all and that they were still going to continue catering to the gay clientele.

When the *Native* contacted the *News*, the People page editors responded by saying that they would stick to their story and that their article reflected the truth.

As for the rumors that the bar was about to lose its licence to serve alcohol, that very nearly came to pass. Maurice Bravins, owner of the Underground—as well as Bonds and New York, New York—may still be behind jail bars for skimming profits and dodging taxes, but the New York State Liquor Authority granted him a renewal on Feb. 26, pending the outcome of charges the agency has filed against him.

—Harold Jay Klein

The Jury Box

As the *Native* goes to press, Michael Gats is on trial in Part 62, the 16th floor for allegedly robbing a gay man on Oct. 11, 1980. The incident took place on Eighth Avenue at 26th Street. His codefendant, Michael Johnson, pleaded guilty to attempted second degree robbery on Feb. 6. At that time Johnson said Gats was not involved in the robbery, although they were arrested together. Johnson will be sentenced on March 1.

On Monday, Feb. 23, the trial of Michael Petito and Patrick Moysse was delayed yet again. The two are accused of severely beating two gay men, David Sasser and Vincent Sapientia, on Christopher Street last November. The trial date was set for March 2.

Bruce Allison and Patrick Sutherland have paid the increased bail required of them since their convictions. Allison's bail was raised to \$3,500; Sutherland's to \$2,000. They were convicted of assaulting a gay man and stealing his radio last May 4 on Ninth Avenue at the 17th Street Park (not at the 13th Street park as was previously reported).

On February 10, each was convicted of two counts of second-degree robbery (each aiding the other and causing physical injury). They are eligible for sentences of one-and-a-half to 15 years and will be sentenced on March 18, part 82 on the 15th floor.

The attorney for Ronald Crumpley, the ex-transit policeman accused of committing the West Street Massacre, is going for a defense of temporary insanity. Crumpley will testify that he "saw aberrations" as he drove along West Street.

The prosecution is requesting written notice that the defense is going

for an insanity plea; a report from the psychiatrist who examined Crumpley for the defense; and a psychiatrist chosen by the prosecution to examine Crumpley.

The defense moved for a hearing to decide whether to suppress statements made by Crumpley at the time of the indictment, on the basis of temporary insanity. These statements include his confession to detectives and statements to reporters about his hatred of gays. Justice Herbert Altman granted this motion for a hearing.

The defense also moved to suppress the physical evidence. This motion was denied emphatically by the justice.

The next hearing is scheduled for March 19, in Part 40, the 11th floor.

Malcom Botway is accused of pretending to be taking the U.S. Census to gain entrance to the victim's apartment, where he allegedly attacked the gay man with a hammer. He is charged with first and second degree robbery, second and third degree assault, and second and third degree grand larceny. He is out on \$50 bail.

At his hearing, on Feb. 5, the judge granted another postponement for the case because the district attorney's office had not yet received the victim's medical reports. The next court date is March 4 in Part 70.

Vincent Maiorano was sentenced for his conviction—with Nicolas Letterese—of meeting two gay men in a bar, returning with them to their East Side apartment, stabbing one victim to death and seriously injuring the other. Letterese has already been sentenced to eight to sixteen years. Maiorano was sentenced in Part 51, on Feb. 25. He received a sentence of 25 years to life.

—Bob Downing

Gay History Archive Organizes

The International Gay History Archive (IGHA) announced last week that it is housed in a permanent location and is able to accept materials with the assurance that they will be cared for and made available to researchers. IGH is a collection of materials (including books, periodicals, newspaper clippings, files, artwork, audio and video tapes), many rare or unique, relating to the activities and experience of gay people, especially gay men. The focus is on the activities of the Stonewall movement as it has articulated itself globally, with a particular commitment to preserve ephemera, organizational back files, personal recollections, and other materials that would be suppressed or excluded from established libraries and cultural institutions.

Since beginning the collection with a major collection of files and other materials from the Gay Liberation Front and the Gay Activists Alliance, the archive has steadily expanded with contributions of books, newspaper clippings, periodicals, and other materials from the gay community.

Recently the archive was given the use of a small building in lower Manhattan, where there will be ample room for research, and organizational activities, as well as space for gay community events. The building, currently under renovation, is expected to open during Gay Pride Week, in late June.

For further information, write to IGH, P.O. Box 2, Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014, or call (212) 473-5884.

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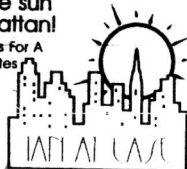
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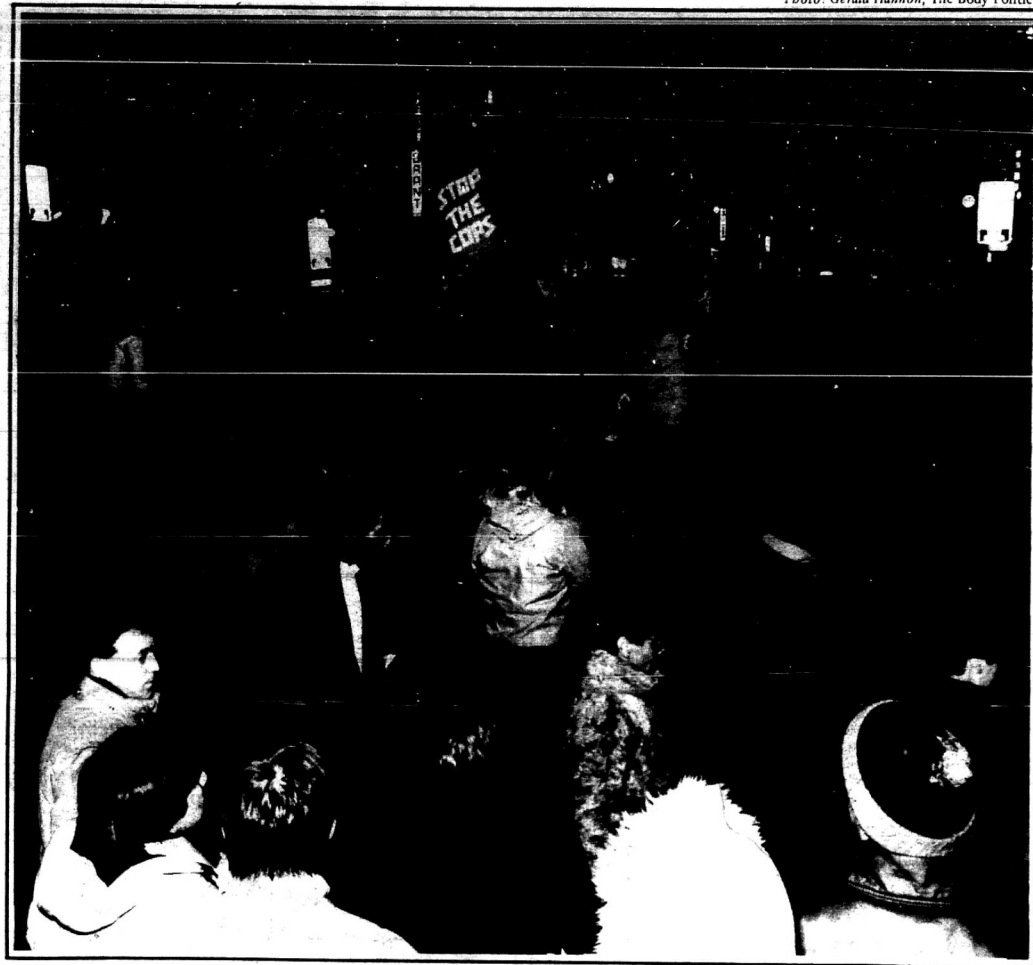
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by Jeff Richardson

In Toronto, the Gay Community Fights Back

It was the largest mass arrest since the Canadian government invoked the War Measures Act in 1970 to suppress civil disobedience in the province of Quebec. At 11 p.m. on Thursday, Feb. 5, 150 police officers raided four Toronto gay steambaths, arresting 266 men as found-ins in a common bawdy house, and 20 men as keepers.

Wielding axes, crowbars, and pruning shears, plainclothes police smashed through doors, shattered mirrors, tore apart mattresses, and wrenched doors off lockers. Owners of the baths estimate damage at \$35,000 (close to \$30,000 in U.S. funds).

One man charged as a found-in gave the following description to the *Body Politic*, Toronto's gay liberation magazine:

"I was in a room with someone and I heard a noise. I got up to open the door but it burst open and a guy in plainclothes pushed in and shoved me up in-

to the wall. My nose was lacerated and bloodied. The cop kept pushing me in the lower back and pulling my hair and saying, 'You're disgusting, faggot. Look at this dirty place.'

"I was choked and something was jabbed into my neck. Before they took us out of the room, they used a pen to gouge the room number into the backs of our hands.

"I was naked. They herded me into the shower room with about eight other men and we had to stand against the wall with both hands up against the wall. . . . I could hear them moving around, kicking things, overturning things. Someone said, 'Too bad the place doesn't catch fire, we'd have to catch them escaping custody.' Somebody else said, 'Too bad the showers aren't hooked up to gas.'

"I was finally called to face a guy sitting in the locker room. I was still nude. He looked at the blood on my face and

said, 'Get that man washed up.' After I showered, he said 'obstruct police' and 'assault police' to that guy.' They did that. But he never identified himself as a cop. I was never told I was under arrest."

The response from Toronto's gay community was swift and vehement. Three thousand angry demonstrators took to the streets the following night, marching down the city's main strip to the police division building that had held many of those arrested in the raid. There the demonstrators were met by a phalanx of cops—standing shoulder to shoulder, 195 of them surrounded the front of the building. *En masse* the crowd shouted and taunted the police with arms stretched forth in the Nazi salute.

The march then proceeded to the Ontario Legislature, where demonstrators clashed briefly with police. The gays were only too aware that just six weeks earlier all three political parties

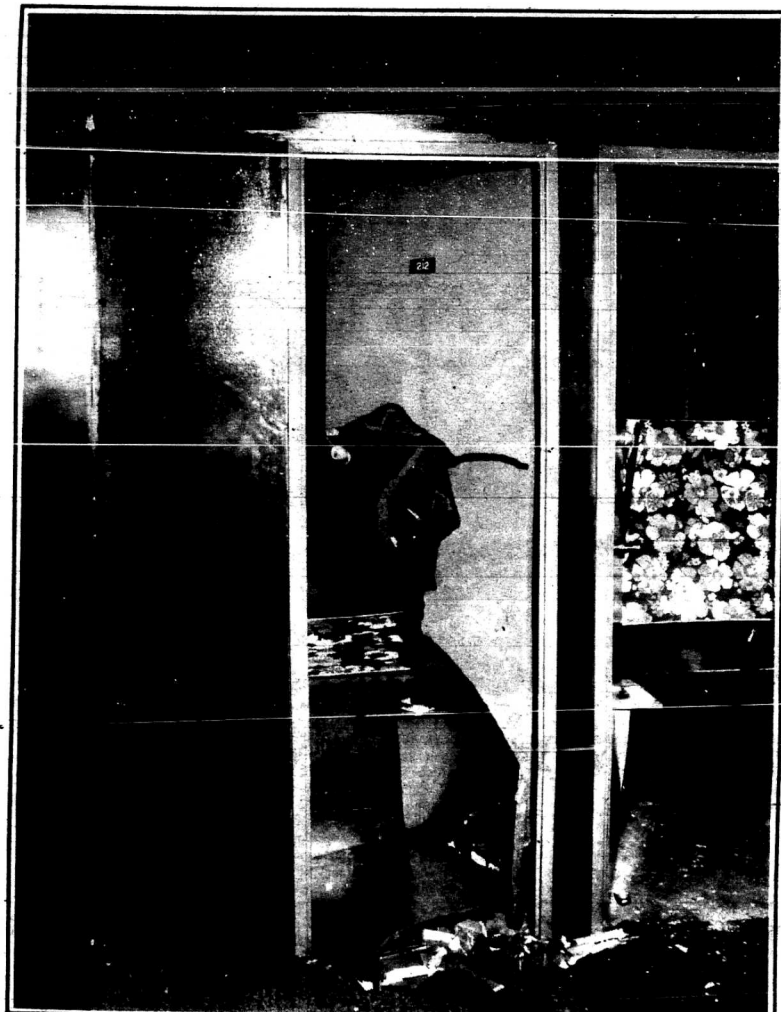


Photo: Norman Hutton

had refused to include sexual orientation among proposed amendments to the Ontario human rights code.

As the marchers dispersed, police and thugs moved in to harass and assault the few remaining demonstrators. Eyewitnesses report that at least two gays were surrounded by police, dragged to the ground, and repeatedly punched and kicked. Many of the cops had removed their badges so as not to be readily identifiable.

One gay activist who witnessed the demonstration said, "I've seen numerous rallies and marches in New York City and San Francisco, but only in Toronto do the police *really* scare me. They're brutal." An editorial in one of Toronto's major newspapers, the *Globe and Mail*, expressed similar sentiments. Of police conduct during the raids the paper said these were "more like the bully-boy tactics of a Latin American republic . . . than anything that has a place in Canada."

Two weeks later, on Feb. 20, 4000 people turned out in the pouring rain for a second rally. Explained one organizer, "The purpose of the first march

was to show our outrage. The purpose of the second was to demonstrate that we are large, we are organized, and we are determined. The gay community has no intention of allowing the issue of police harassment to fade from public attention."

Representatives from the Toronto Labour Council (representing about 180,000 union members), the black community, and several women's groups pledged their support to the gay cause at the Feb. 20 demonstration. Over the past few years a coalition of minority groups has attempted to force the attorney general of Ontario to establish a permanent civilian review board to monitor the police department, but to date, the government has adamantly refused.

At a heated and acrimonious meeting of the police commission Feb. 12, a request by the Canadian Civil Liberties Association for an independent inquiry into the bath raids was flatly rejected. A letter from the attorney general, Roy McMurtry, was read denying allegations of police brutality and vandalism during the raids. "At one of

the four premises in question," McMurtry claimed, "one police officer took a hammer into the place with him but it was not used. At another establishment one crowbar was taken and used to open three lockers. This is the total evidence available with respect to crowbars and hammers." However, photographs taken only hours after the raids show damage far in excess of that admitted by McMurtry.

Members of both the gay and straight communities have charged that McMurtry may have ordered the raids himself. At a meeting of the Metropolitan Toronto City Council, Alderman Gordon Cressy called for an independent inquiry that would investigate not only police conduct during the raids but also the timing. The fundamentally right-wing council defeated the motion, 26-8. As one council member expressed the majority opinion, "We should instead thank the police for a job well done. Everyone knows that Roman orgies were going on in those places [the baths] and we all know what happened to the Roman empire."

Those who assert the raids were po-

litically motivated point to the fact that Ontario is in the midst of a provincial election. The Conservative Party, which has been in power for the past 37 years, has been known to exploit "morality" issues when under attack for its economic and social policies.

In addition, the question of homosexual rights was significant in the November municipal elections. The defeat of incumbent Mayor John Sewell has been ascribed by many observers to his support for homosexual aldermanic candidate George Hislop and to his continued opposition to the Toronto police commission.

To the homosexual community, the raids constitute a clear case of police harassment. Under Canadian law, a bawdy house is defined as anyplace "resorted to for the purposes of prostitution or the practice of acts of indecency." The vaguely worded statute has been used to arrest men in bars, baths, and even in private homes.

"Who can remember the last time a heterosexual establishment was raided?" asked one city alderman. "And even then, it's doubtful if many found-ins were charged." Queried another council member, "If this wasn't a case of harassment, then why was it such a massive operation? Surely all that was necessary was to arrest the owners and a few found-ins to get the matter before the courts."

The Right To Privacy Committee, an organization established several years ago to defend those accused in previous raids, has been quick to mobilize support for the 286 men charged. Approximately 1,000 people attended a meeting Feb. 10 to organize the defense for the found-ins and to map out a strategy of public action. It is estimated that legal costs for the found-ins may exceed half a million dollars even before the matter reaches the Supreme Court of Canada.

Emergency psychological counseling services have been arranged for the defendants. After a raid on the Hot Tub Club last year, a 20-year-old found-in committed suicide. The Right To Privacy Committee has expressed grave concern that some of the Feb. 5 found-ins, unable to cope with crises at home or at work resulting from their arrests, may attempt the same. So far the names of the found-ins have not been published, although the right-wing *Toronto Sun* did threaten in an editorial that it might do so.

Toronto's gay community is rallying around this issue with a sense of determination and cooperation not foreseeable even a month ago. Many gays who had never before been politically active are now volunteering their time and donating money to defend the found-ins and to protest police harassment. "Enough is Enough! Gays Fight Back" has become the clarion call of Toronto's gay community.

Elan Rosenquist of Toronto's Right to Privacy Committee urges New York area gays to contact both the Canadian consulate and the Ontario Tourism Bureau in New York City to protest the bath raids and to demand that police harassment of Toronto gays cease. The Canadian consulate in New York City is located at 1251 Avenue of the Americas; the Ontario Tourism Bureau can be reached at (212) 247-2744.

Collage: Jack Kees

Indicted, Fired, Evicted

continued from page 1

warn broadcasters that Cincinnati, Ohio will uphold "family values" over freedom of speech or any other elitist concepts.

For John Zeh, the target of the prosecution, some of the worst has already happened. As soon as the indictments were returned by a grand jury, he was fired from his full-time job and his landlord served notice that he was evicted from his apartment. The only good news was that the judge released him on his own recognizance rather than requiring bail.

"It is the first reinforcement that the Moral Majority won the election, that they are feeling their power and translating it into law enforcement," said Alan Brown, the ACLU lawyer who will defend radio station WAIF-FM, which also faces up to \$10,000 in fines for broadcasting the offending segment.

"It is using sex like McCarthy used communism: to build a power base," Brown said. "Their goal is to get rid of gay access to the media."

At issue is a five-minute segment that Zeh broadcast Jan. 7 that humorously treated the choices available in sexual lubricants. Zeh's 90-minute program was preceded, as always, with an advisory that warned parents the content might not be suitable for children.

That warning prompted the four children of the Platt family to run to their parents and announce that "something is on the radio that we aren't supposed to listen to." Mommy Platt tuned in, recorded the segment on a cassette player the children had received for Christmas, and promptly called the Hamilton County prosecutor, Simon L. Leis.

Leis was a natural ally, having already established a record as a moral crusader in Cincinnati. He prosecuted *Hustler* magazine publisher Larry Flynt under the same law after Flynt mailed out a promo featuring an article on Vietnam war atrocities. War brutality is also unsuitable for Cincinnati children, a belief probably shared by Vietnamese children who faced American and, presumably, Cincinnati soldiers.

Leis also prosecuted owners of local stores who displayed T-shirts reading "Fuck Housework" and "Fuck the FBI" because the word *fuck* incited sexual promiscuity. All X-rated movies now are banned in Cincinnati, and Leis once reached out to arrest Harry Reams and Linda Lovelace for performing in *Deep Throat*, although, of course, their crime did not take place in his jurisdiction, except on the silver screens of local movie parlors.

Leis is calling on one of his able assistants to perform the legal chores in the Zeh case, and as it "happened," the assistant prosecutor, James Apple-

gate, is the same man who prosecuted Sgt. Leonard Matlovich for the U.S. Air Force after Matlovich came out. It was a chore Applegate said he was "very positive" about in a telephone interview last week.

Applegate is equally positive about the case involving Zeh and his program, *Gaydreams*.

"I heard the tape and I regard it very seriously," Applegate said. "I don't view it as a philosophical question. It's a pretty clear case in my view."

It's also a clear case in the view of others, but for different reasons. Alan Brown, the ACLU lawyer, and the station's management see it as gunning for the most vulnerable guy in town. WAIF-FM is a listener-supported station which gives access to a wide variety of community groups, relying heavily on volunteers like Zeh for programming, and with no war chest for a major defense. By picking off WAIF, Cincinnati will be able to erect a moral barricade at the city limits.

But the prosecution of *Gaydreams* is the squelching of an important, and very nearly the only, Cincinnati gay voice. That point has not been lost on Zeh, who sees implications for gay radio programs beyond Cincinnati.

"People can decide whether I was indiscreet," Zeh says, "but the news we report is what is obscene. It's obscene that gay people are murdered in a New York bar, or that in Kentucky, police wired a 13-year-old boy and sent him out to proposition men. That is what is obscene, not this segment."

"The real threat they feel is an openly gay political program every week for the past three years," Zeh says. "It's a crackdown on our voice. Until recently, it has been the only voice in our community. We didn't even have a newsletter."

Indeed, whatever threat may have existed from the segment in dispute already is over. Zeh's station bosses, who heard the Platt family complaint before the prosecutor did, suspended Zeh from the air for three weeks and "counseled" him. Before returning to the air, Zeh had to agree that he would avoid such

topics in the future. Station manager Tom Knox even deferred to the Platt family to the point of publicly calling the segment "pure filth." In civil cases, that would be akin to a "consent" order, acknowledging past wrongdoing by agreeing that it not be done again.

This has not satisfied the guardians of public morality in Cincinnati. Applegate, who has a nice sense of phrasing, says, "You counsel miscreants; you prosecute felons."

Station manager Knox now is drawing the line—albeit with a different lawyer than Zeh's, in the event of a conflict of interest. "The way I see it," Knox says, "it is really an attempt to control the media. We are the most susceptible in town, and if they intimidate us, the rest of the town will have to fall in line."

As for Applegate—to let him have the last word for now—the only difference in this case from other obscenity cases is that "there wouldn't be a group of organized heterosexuals to claim a violation of their First Amendment rights."

"I don't need the U.S. Constitution," said Applegate. "I don't even need the New Testament. The Old Testament is enough for me."

Contributions to support Zeh's defense may be sent to The First Amendment Fund, Greater Cincinnati Gay Coalition, Box 19158, Cincinnati, Ohio 45219.

Strategy for the Capital: Play Ostrich for Awhile

Here's a little quiz for you: In writing a letter to Congress this month requesting that a pro-gay bill not be introduced, who made this argument:

is one of great caution when it comes to dealing with emotionally charged issues for which the members lack a clear sense of constituent attitude. Gay rights is one of those issues.

- A) The Rev. Jerry Falwell
- B) Cincinnati, Ohio, prosecutor Simon L. Leis
- C) The Gay Rights National Lobby
- D) Ronald Reagan
- E) The National Gay Task Force

If you guessed NGTF, you're right—and you're also much too cynical for your own good.

That argument was made to Rep. Pete McCloskey (R-Calif.), who is considering introducing a bill to end the military's discrimination against gays. McCloskey had been asked to take up the issue by the Gay Rights National Lobby, which felt that McCloskey's Republican credentials and his record as a Marine combat veteran would be helpful. The bill was intended as a device to focus some attention on what currently stands as the most visible and relentlessly anti-gay program carried out in the country today.

Visibility for anti-gay discrimination was once a major purpose of NGTF, but it argues today that this approach merely stirs the Christian crazies. In the letter's second argument, NGTF points out, "The extreme conservative members have not addressed by name the military issue," although the letter concedes the Family Protection Act would make such discrimination legal in all areas, not just the military. "However, it does not spotlight the military, and this is a help, albeit a negative one, at this time," NGTF boasts.

To end the discriminatory practice, NGTF is involved in a strategy of court suits, which it argues might be hurt by actions "in the legislative arena."

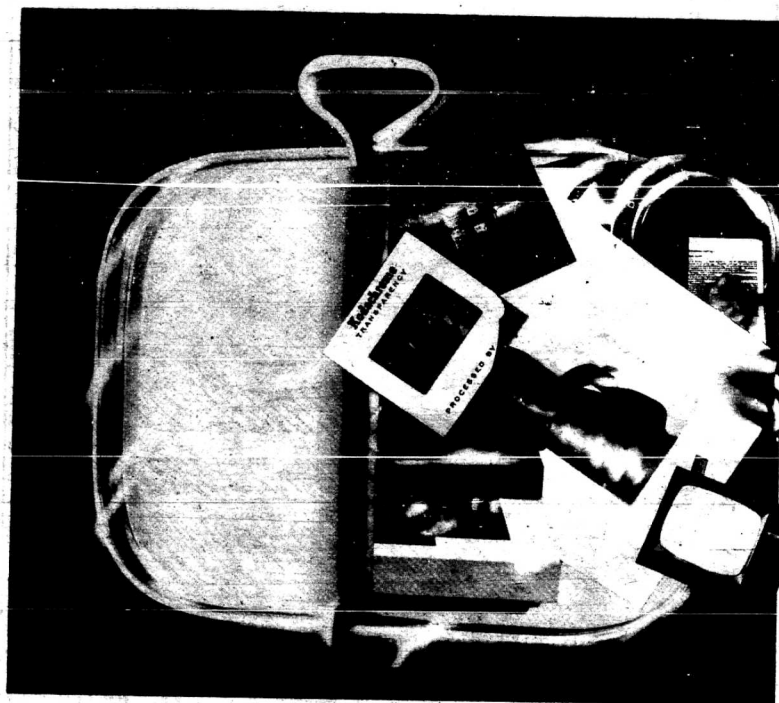
That view is not shared by NGTF's legal ally, Gay Rights Advocates, which currently is mounting a major court challenge in this area. The arguments also fail to convince long-time gay activist Frank Kameny, who sits on the boards of both NGTF and GRNL.

"The fact that, in their view, litigation offers the best opportunity doesn't necessarily mean that it is the

The climate in the present Congress

Continued on page 27

Collage: Jack Keely



Media Watch

by David Rothenberg

At a recent party I attended, a young man revealed to me a personal experience he had had. He clearly wanted to share it with me, saying that I, a total stranger, had a role in it.

He said he had seen me on the David Susskind show in 1973. Paraphrased, this was his recollection of that television program:

I was 18 years old, realizing that I was gay and knew no one else in the world in the same situation. I was terrified of my feelings and hating myself because of what I thought it meant. It had become unbearable and I would walk around the streets of Brooklyn at night, crying, being frightened, and coming to the conclusion that suicide was my only possibility. That was the state I was in when I saw that Susskind show. The things you and the others talked about, the people you were, and the deep feelings you shared began my awareness that I was not alone.

The young man proceeded to tell me that he had come out to his parents shortly after and they had been supportive and loving. He graduated from college, holds a good job, and has had a lover for four years.

His story reminded me of the devastating effect my appearance on television had for me. Coming out on national television is quite an experience. It also brought to me a volume of mail and a number of phone calls from total strangers. Over and over again, men and women across the country wrote me that the Susskind program had finally permitted them to identify with someone else and had allowed them a glimpse of the positive part of themselves. Al-

most to a person, they had realized that they had had only negative feedback about their identification as gay men or lesbians.

That emotional encounter with the young man at the party provoked me to examine more closely what television and radio are revealing these days.

The fact is that while we are visible, we are largely viewed as being on the defensive. Gays who appear on newscasts or talk shows are always in a state of protest—or responding to the latest irrational, irresponsible allegation. There is little opportunity to view our humanity.

It is no accident. Most TV and radio talk shows are not interested in gay spokespersons unless they are involved with a specific news event. The era of the Susskind show, when we appeared on talk programs as that year's novelty act, seems to be over.

It is a generally agreed fact at ABC-TV that David Hartman "can't handle" gay themes on *Good Morning America*. As a result, the emergence of positive gay images on that network program is virtually denied. Last spring, a five-part series on modern fathers was offered. Each program had a different dad. There was the celebrity papa, the ex-convict father, the single-parent father—but the suggestion of including the gay father was turned down. It wouldn't get past Hartman. So the opportunity for a gay male to be revealed within the framework of a caring, family person was denied. Yet Jerry Falwell is appearing on the talk show circuit and his homophobic statements are going unchallenged.

Recently, Phil Donahue featured John Hurt, the Tennessee minister who heads the Clean Up Television campaign. This self-appointed arbiter of morality was asked by the host if he objected to

a positive or happy gay character on a television talk show. Hurt's response: "Let me put it this way, I feel the same way if they showed a happy murderer." It is not to be dismissed lightly.

Television talk programs are not available for positive gay features. But hate-filled people, posing as religious leaders, are being given a great deal of time to make their charges. The atmosphere is now not unlike the red-baiting of the McCarthy era, but the difference is that the traditional left/liberal media outlets challenged the blacklisting in the 1950s. They seem quite willing, in 1981, to make homosexuals the sacrificial lambs for the fanatic right.

You would do well to listen closely to the snide anti-gay jokes on the talk shows—and to notice and comment on our absence from the interview programs.

Ever since Paul Newman was mentioned as a possibility to appear in the film version of *The Front Runner*, we have been treated to unending whispers and rumors of gays on the screen. Here's more grist for the mill.

ABC-TV has a series on the drawing board called "The Boys Next Door." If it ever happens—which I doubt in the current conservative climate—the actors trying for the parts would be asked in each interview, "How do you prepare to play a homosexual?"

Warner Brothers has completed a feature film, *Sydney Shore*, starring Tony Randall as an older gay man, living alone, who enters into his first affair with a woman. (Suspicious me wonders if that reads that old and gay is lonely while old and straight is peaches and cream.)

Paramount has a script, *Partners*, about two cops, one gay and one straight. 20th Century-Fox is considering *Making Love*, the story of a man who

leaves his wife for another male.

Do you recall last year's odious CBS-TV documentary, "Gay Power, Gay Politics"? The network has submitted it for inclusion in the Monte Carlo International Television Festival.

The New York newspapers fell all over themselves trying to connect the latest Las Vegas hotel fire with the accused man's claim that he was in the midst of a "homosexual act" when the fire began. The *Post* headline identified him as gay and pinned 84 other murders on him. Yet, while the *Times*, the *News*, the *Post*, and three networks emphasized his homosexuality, the Nevada police were announcing that they didn't buy his story about being with another man.

Clearly, the story was being sold as involving a gay firebug. I think the Jean Harris trial headlines should read "Heterosexual Shooting in Westchester." It would be just as relevant.

And a final note from UPI:

Ankara, Turkey—Disco music causes homosexuality in mice and may make no exception where men are concerned, a study at the Aegean University maintains. The *Milliyet* newspaper said yesterday that researchers at the Izmir-based university "discovered that high-level noise—such as that frequently found in discos—causes homosexuality in mice and deafness among pigs. The researchers think that there is a caveat in these studies for human beings as well.

Perhaps they should consider that it is probably only gay mice who go to discos in the first place.

Illustration: Ken Gould

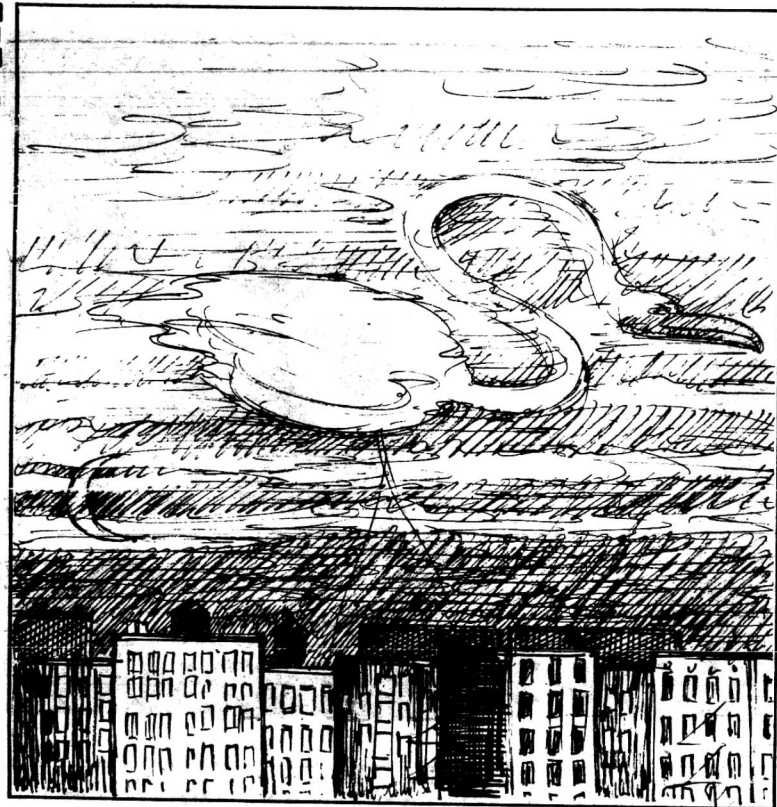
Requiem for a Great Pink Bird

by George Stambolias

Flamingo is gone. Over the years some condemned it, as they condemned all disco, because it supposedly drained our political energies. Others hated it with a peculiar passion because it seemed to them a place of relentless arrogance. Many grew tired of it and turned to other pleasures or to the change of scene offered by the newer and bigger Saint. Even its most devoted members, sensing the inevitable, preferred a clean and glorious end instead of a long and ignoble decline. They had their wish. On Sunday night, February 15, Flamingo held its last, and appropriately white, party to the music of Howard Merritt. Everyone came and danced beyond dawn, and then the Great Bird flew away.

No one will deny Flamingo's place in the history of disco. Between the "primitive" Tenth Floor and the flamboyantly "decadent" Saint, Flamingo was disco's "classic" moment—the harmonious combination of bodies, minds, and music in a perfect space. It was not simply that the men were more beautiful and more relaxed, or that the music was better than at the other discos. At Flamingo these differences in degree often became a difference in kind, an ineffable intensity that gave birth to visions. Studio 54 was disco's flashing showroom, gay enough to be authentic and straight enough to bask in celebrities and publicity. But Flamingo was its sacred precinct, its holy place where the tribes gathered and the oracles spoke. The music never sparkled here, it throbbed—sweeter when Howard was playing, harder when it was Richie Rivera's turn. Looking like diabolical Christs they presided over the rites of passage into another dimension. And when you opened your soul to these waves of sound and lost yourself in the ecstasy of half-naked bodies, you had to believe that heaven was a disco and God a dancer.

Of course, it didn't always work. Some nights the only religious image that penetrated your brain was that you were a sacrificial victim, and a particularly unattractive one at that, in this Temple of High Attitude. All you could do then was to leave, to go down those steep back stairs that seemed like a descent into hell, just as on other nights



the equally steep front stairs had seemed an ascent to paradise. Some had this bad experience on their first night and never returned. But others did return year after year and took the bad with the good, because the good was very good. Flamingo became the place for exquisite delights, the place where you could dance, endlessly and especially, with your friends. And when you approached Flamingo or left it, it was easy to give yourself to hyperbole, to wonder at the fact that this ugly building, its blue wall studded with improbable girders, located on one of the blandest crossroads in town, housed, together with a bank, one of the great pleasure domes of America.

But Flamingo was more than that. Whether everyone knew it consciously or not, it was also one of the great schools of gay life. At its most basic it was, of course, a finishing school. If you didn't know already, this was where you learned how to perfect your dancing style, how to take, contour, and hold your drugs, how to walk, talk, and carry yourself, how to dress better and look better, how to improve your body and occasionally your mind, how to make friends and influence people. Every year brought a new crop of freshmen eager to learn, and every year one of the finer pleasures was to watch them learn. What they acquired along with practical knowledge was, inevitably, the special style and look of the place. And Flamingo had this look because it was one of the privileged homes of gay "society," that is, of an elite social organism still rudimentary, fragile, and only partially aware of itself, but definitely alive and

functioning. Flamingo could assemble all the necessary ingredients—the beauties and jesters, the intellectuals and artists, the social climbers and power brokers. It showed that there could in fact be a gay society, that one could in fact make this society and make one's way in it. It even seemed at times that this society was making everything else—the novels, the designs, the fashions, America's tastes in music and pleasure. At Flamingo you had your consciousness raised not by experiencing or discussing oppression—that could and did happen outside—but by witnessing the fact that oppression could be overcome. In that place gay beauty, gay pride, and gay power were not abstractions, they could quite literally be touched.

Ultimately, it was on the dance floor that other and more important lessons were learned. There in that dark pulsing mass you actually saw more clearly. You sensed that beauty was more than pees and proportion, it was in all those bodies moving to the same beat. You understood that pride was not only in personal accomplishment but in the fact that these men in this space could create such joy. And you recognized that power was not wealth or position, but the incredible energy you could generate with others on that floor and beyond. Sometimes the contrast between the elitist society of the lounge and this more democratic community of the dance floor was disconcerting and required a shifting of psychological and physical gears. But as you moved toward dawn such distinctions were blurred or vanished completely. And that was another pleasure, this revelation of naked-

ness beneath the clothes, of the soul beneath the attitude, of the face behind the face. Perhaps that's one reason why many began arriving at Flamingo later and later, and therefore closer to the time when you could melt together in "sleaze" and give yourself without pretense to the sweet ache of "Don't Pity Me" or "Hot Butterfly." In all the sweat and pressing flesh there were undoubtedly heavy doses of self-pity, loneliness, or sheer drugged horniness. But there was also the one element essential to any true community: the recognition of common vulnerability, here as gay men and as human beings.

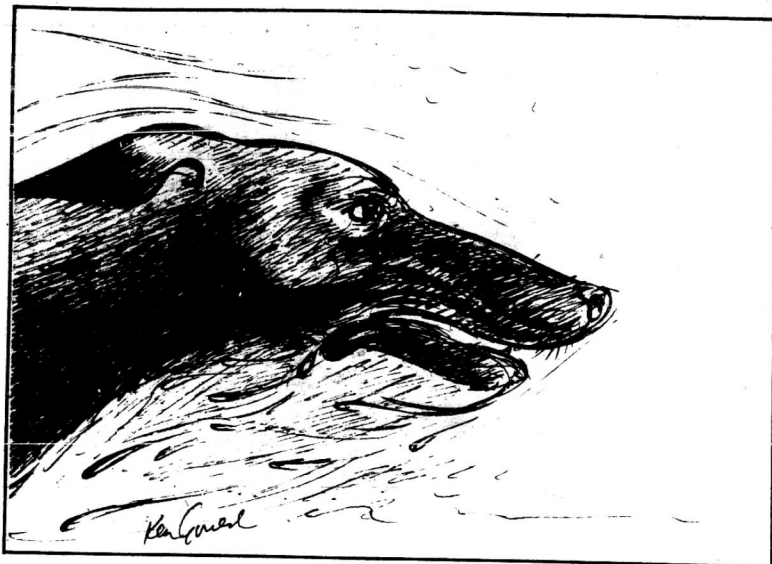
Whether The Saint or any other disco will be able to capture the style and intensity that Flamingo had is open to question. After all, for many disco itself is no longer a new and exciting territory to be explored. But Flamingo instructed its students well and inspired its poets, and so it lives on. You can find it in Holleran's *Dancer from the Dance*, in Kramer's *Faggots*, in Picano's *The Lure*, and in White's *States of Desire*. These portraits are only partial and not always flattering, but it's impressive that so many exist. Flamingo will probably find its way into other novels yet to be written and, if there's any justice, into gay histories as well, if only for this reason:

To have been at Flamingo at the height of its glory was to have imagined oneself, for a night or for a moment, at the center of the world. This was an illusion certainly—such feelings always are—but it was also an extraordinarily heady experience. We each find our strength and our consciousness where we can.

Illustration: Ken Gould

A Woman's Write

by Dorothy Allison



the point.

"I'm worried," I told her, "about what might happen if I wind up in the papers or on TV." I took a deep breath. "You know, it might be embarrassing for you and everybody to deal with me that way." I made myself grin and look up at her. "You always said I brought home the sweetest girls, but I don't think everybody will look on it that comfortably. It could mean trouble."

Mama looked back at me evenly, took another drink of her coffee and didn't even blush. "Well," she said slowly, "your sisters might have to do a little adjusting to it." She shrugged. "But they've got to grow up some time."

And that was that.

Except that summer, Mama called to talk about the trouble with Internal Revenue. "Now," she said, exasperated, "they're looking at last year, and you know we didn't make any money last year." She paused. "Honey, you know when we talked about the trouble that might happen because of the things you're doing?"

I went rigid all over.

"Have they audited you?"

"If they have, I don't know about it," I told her. I waited a beat. "Mama, do you think they're after you because of something I've done?"

Mama laughed, but it wasn't her usual open laugh. "Probably not," she said. "You know how I am. I thought I could get away with something, and instead, I just caught their attention."

I was sitting in the middle of the living room floor next to the telephone. I pulled my knees up tight to my breasts and gripped the phone harder. "It could be," I told her. "Probably not, but it could be. We call that healthy paranoia. It's not as if the government were on our side, Mama."

"Well, they should be," she exclaimed. "We're supporting them. You think Rockefeller got audited last year? You know something else? I pay a tax when I buy a pari-mutuel ticket, and then if I win, I get taxed again. There should be some kind of law about that. Now they even make you record your social security number when you win anything at bingo." I heard my nephew shouting in the background. Mama must have turned away for a moment, but then she came back. "Honey, don't you get paranoid. You do what you think is right, and don't worry too much. You're worse about that than I am." Then she laughed full out and open. "Besides, I know you think the work you all are doing is so important, but I don't know that the government thinks that. What you should be worrying about is if they find out you're my daughter. Then you'll be in real trouble."

My mama is a gambler. Internal Revenue figured that out about seven years ago, and they've audited her every year since, a fact my mother considers somewhat more serious than all the revelations about government misdeeds. Considering the fact that my mother's income has averaged around \$7,000 a year, I've always thought it pretty serious myself, particularly since she usually comes out owing them another few hundred dollars. This year she called to tell me she'd finally got them beaten. She'd taken her papers down to Sears, Roebuck and had the people there make out her return. It seems they've been running this TV ad that promises if the government does audit you and finds anything wrong, Sears will pay for the error. "They can afford it," Mama said, "and I can't go through this again."

My mama earns her living as a cook in a warehouse commissary. She used to be a waitress, and that paid a lot better, but after twenty-five years at it she developed calcium deposits and trouble with her feet. At least as a cook she can sit on a stool off and on. She spends a lot of time in the doorway between the counter and the kitchen, talking to people. Mama's a great conversationalist. A long time ago, I got used to strangers talking to me about my mama. "Your mama's Ruth Allison? She work over to the Rexall Drug Lunch Counter? Honey, you got one fine mama there. That's some kind of lady."

It didn't necessarily mean that Mama had served them country-fried steak for lunch and listened to their troubles. It was just as likely she'd run into them at jai alai on Friday night, or at the dog track on Thursday or Saturday, or at bingo on Sunday or Wednesday, or even at bowling on Monday nights. I remember very clearly that Tuesday nights were Mama's night at home. Every other night had its schedule. She took me with her a few times, but I got on my nerves and she got on mine. I'd buy four bingo cards and she'd get her eighteen laid out, and then, though it's a fact that I never won once, every time I'd come close she'd tense up. Worse, she never failed to catch me if I missed a call.

"B7, B7," she'd hiss, plunking down

the little plastic marker on the number I'd missed. "What's wrong with you?" All the women around us would look over at her with pity in their eyes. How heartbreaking that I'd turned out not to have the knack.

It wasn't any better at jai alai or the dog track. Jai alai was so fast and exciting, I didn't see any reason to bet. I couldn't figure out the betting system anyway. Mama'd put a bet on for me now and again, and that way, I'd win occasionally, but Mama couldn't understand how I could find it exciting to watch if I wasn't going to bet. Those skinny fast boys with the big lobster claws on their arms would jump in the air and run up the walls and I'd start jumping up and down, and Mama'd just stare at me. Then the ball would catch one of them in the stomach and knock him backward, and I'd go, "Ooof." Mama would push me down and say, "He's okay," and he seemed to be since he got up fast. "Besides," she'd add, "we're not betting on him."

I thought the dogs were the worst. Emaciated, ugly greyhounds ran around and around in a circle, their white or gray bodies blurring against the sandy track. They ran so fast I couldn't see them. Mama could, though, and she'd sometimes win big at the track. But it was gambling money, not spending money. Mama kept them separate, she never spent house money on gambling, and no matter how often she won, there never seemed to be any extra for other things. It took me years to figure out that Mama won a lot, that she was very good and always beat the odds. The problem was that she and my stepfather pooled everything, and no matter how much she won he was always losing. Mama banked him, covering his losses. For a while I thought it just another argument against marriage.

Internal Revenue got after her the year she did so well at the dog track. Winnings at the dog track are automatically reported, and at the end of the year they expected her to pay taxes on everything she had won, no matter that she didn't have any of it left. After that, Mama became a kind of trackside bag lady. When the race was called she'd walk around collecting the betting slips

that people threw down, and the next time she had to go in for an audit, she carried that big bag with its partially sorted stacks of slips. That way she could prove that she'd easily spent three times what she'd won. I don't know that her gambit ever actually worked, but she certainly did enjoy stacking those slips all over the auditor's desk until they started falling off into his lap.

The year she started having trouble was the same year I got so active on the Tallahassee political scene. We were publishing a magazine, managing the women's center, opening a feminist bookstore, marching in demonstrations down Main Street, and generally being noticeable. In C.R., everybody started talking about coming out to their families, and it occurred to me that Mama and I hadn't talked specifically about my sexuality in years. Our last conversation had gone along the lines of: "Are you happy?"

"Yes, Mama, I'm happy."

"Well, if you're happy."

A woman I knew vaguely from Tampa suddenly turned up one night with a wild story about having been accused of attacking another woman. Everybody knew that being politically active meant we ran the risk of having dogs planted on us, but it hadn't occurred to us that it had reached the point of female agents who would accuse us of that kind of thing. That was what sent me down to see my mama. What would she say at the diner if I wound up on the front page of the local papers in that kind of scene? And even if that never happened, sooner or later I might turn up recognizable in some picture on the news. Everyone I knew was checking in with their family.

I went down on a Sunday morning, but it was Monday morning early before we got to talk. We had about half an hour between the time my stepfather left for work and the time she had to go, and I wasted half of it talking around the various things I'd been doing in Tallahassee. Mama said things like "That's nice," and "Isn't that a lot of work?" On the whole, she didn't seem impressed. Finally, embarrassed, I got to

Photo: Michael Leonard

by Artem Lozynsky

Man to Man: An Interview with Dr. Charles Silverstein

Man To Man: Gay Couples in America is the first published study by a professional psychologist concerning love relationships among gay men. Charles Silverstein, who is the author of A Family Matter: A Parent's Guide to Homosexuality and co-author (with Edmund White) of The Joy of Gay Sex, has based his research not only on his ten-year professional concentration upon homosexuality but also on interviews with 190 gay men throughout the United States.

As Silverstein himself states, this work is just the beginning. Hopefully, other researchers (and Silverstein himself) will more fully explore each of the areas covered in this book, which itself is an impressive study and gives the reader a great deal to think about concerning his own emotional and psychological makeup and his ability or inability to form or sustain a meaningful emotional and sexual relationship with another gay man.

Charles Silverstein lives in upstate New York and practices in New York City. He has organized three counseling centers for gay people in New York City and has been director of two of them. He was the founding editor of the Journal of Homosexuality, a scholarly journal devoted to research

Artem Lozynsky: What are the myths about gay couples?

Charles Silverstein: The most damaging myth is that gay relationships don't last. It was astonishing how many people believe this. I had no difficulty finding couples who had been together for 25 years or more. The oldest living couple I met had been together for 51 years. They were wonderful, and I dedicated the book to them. We spent two full days together, and even though they had been through serious health problems, their spirits were high. Unfortunately one of them has passed away, but I still see the other one from time to time.

Then why do so many people believe that gay relationships don't last?

I think there are a number of reasons — but at the outset let's remember that my study only concerned gay male relationships. I didn't investigate lesbians.

First of all, some men don't want to be in a lifelong love affair. They prefer serial relationships. Then there are men who break up simply because they are young and inexperienced. It takes time for them to find the right person to live with.

It's probably also true that gays demand more satisfaction in a relationship than straights. If gays have a problem in relationships it's because they can impulsively break up, whereas in heterosexual marriage people can't because of the marriage contract.

You're begging the question. If we looked at the percentage of married heterosexuals and compared that with the percentage of coupled gay men, would we find them approximately equal?

I'm not sure, but we'd probably find

that more gays were single than straights. But why should that be our criteria for satisfaction or happiness? That sounds like my mother telling my brother and I that we should marry nice, Jewish girls. Actually, she said, "rich, Jewish girls." Why should everyone be married? Coupledness is a blessing for some and a burden for others. We should encourage men to find the pattern that brings them the most rewarding years, not to conform to the previous heterosexual norm of tying the knot.

Oddly enough in a book concerned with lovers, you seem to avoid the word love. Do you dislike it?

I'm uncomfortable about it because it's used too freely. Many lovers control each other by using the word love. I've met couples for whom the word love was a form of cannibalism in which one lover swallowed up the other. Possession and control are forms of cannibalism when used in the name of love. Just look at some of the religions today: they constantly talk about loving gays while doing everything possible to destroy them. I've seen the same thing happen between two lovers who feign love, call each other "pussycat," and act like tigers who want to scratch each other's eyes out.

You seem a little hard-nosed about this. Some of the most important pieces of literature in the Western world are about love. Aren't you impressed with the love between Romeo and Juliet?

I will probably sound like a heartless cad but I fail to see the love between Romeo and Juliet. Oh! I enjoy the story. I even cry every time. Who doesn't yearn for such overwhelming passion in the face of great odds? But I see Ro-

meo and Juliet, like many other couples both gay and straight, as hungering for each other. What they feel is intense desire, mostly physical. I think that's fine. But I'll save my belief in their love for the sequel to the story when Romeo and Juliet have been married for five years, have three bambinos running around the house, where Juliet is washing the diapers in the village stream on her hands and knees, and Romeo is looking at the legs of a younger Capulet. That's what I think love is about, not the easy stage of romance and sexual gymnastics.

But Romeo and Juliet kill themselves for love.

So murder is love! It's obviously time to change the subject. Did you make any effort to give your study a broad geographical base?

One of the problems with past research has been that it's been confined to the large urban centers like New York and San Francisco. But I decided to go where the people are. I contacted local gay leaders in a variety of small towns, villages, and rural areas, and went to them. I've been to places where gays had to drive 600 miles to have sex. I even went to a small place with an official population of six, one-third of whom were gay—two lovers. Once I got there, I stayed anywhere from a couple of days to a week interviewing people.

Does the life of rural gays differ in significant ways from that of urban ones?

For one, I never realized how powerful religion was in other parts of the country. In some places it approaches the power of a state church. What I found particularly interesting was how

continued on page 21



NATIVE GUIDE

Edited by Harold Jay Klein

EVENTS FOR MARCH 2-15, 1981

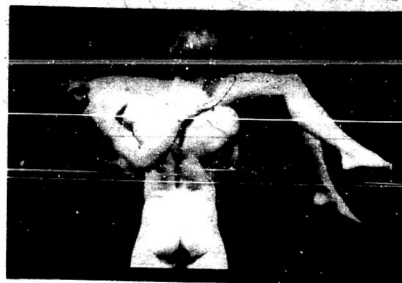


Photo by Jonathan Silver

Jim Delpriore and Steven Nelson in Robert Patrick's *Mercy Drop*.



Lance James in the Oakland Ballet production of *Billy the Kid*.

The Oakland Ballet presents the New York premieres of *Bolero*, *El Salon Mexico*, *Time Unto Time*, *Rite of Spring*, and *Gallops and Kisses*. Under the artistic direction of Ronn Guidi, the Oakland Ballet will make its New York debut at the Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College on Friday, March 13 at 8; Saturday, March 14 at 8; and Sunday, March 15 at 2. Tickets are \$8, \$7, and \$6 and may be charged by calling 434-BCBC. There will also be a bus from Lincoln Center (at the 66th Street stage door) going directly to Brooklyn College and returning after the show.



David Summers opening at Freddy's March 8.

Broadway tunes, pop music, ballads, and new material all get the special David Summers treatment at Freddy's, March 8 through 12 at 8 p.m. nightly. Summers' act features music by Sondheim, Strouse, Porter, Boz Scaggs, and Al Carmines along with many others. Freddy's is located at 308 East 49th Street. For reservations call: 888-1633.



John Bernd and Tim Miller in their production of *Live Boys*; Photo by: Kirk Winslow.

Live Boys, a piece about gay people, pizza, sex, biallys, love, life in the village, and about boys. Barry Laine says: "John Bernd and Tim Miller are two of the very few dancers who don't leave their sexuality in the dressing room." This work is being presented on March 5, 6, and 7 and on March 12, 13, and 14 at P.S. 122 in the East Village at First Avenue and 9th Street. All performances are at 9 p.m. Admission is \$4 and T.D.F. vouchers are acceptable. For reservations or more information, contact John Bernd at: 228-4104.

TED HOOK'S ONSTAGE

Considering a night of dinner and entertainment in the Big Apple?

Ted Hook's Onstage (349 West 46th Street) provides a good time for those in a traditional cabaret state of mind.

One of the great things about living in N.Y.C. is the option to sample the various acts of up-and-coming entertainers.

Therefore, Mr. Hook's theater district establishment is one of Manhattan's more pleasant cultural resources.

We recently enjoyed a lovely light dinner and show at Ted Hook's Onstage. The evening's entertainment was provided by Dalton Cathey's charming act—"Together Again—For About 55 Minutes."

We laughed and loved the songs and were reminded of Noel Coward by Mr. Cathey, who was last seen on Broadway a few doors away from Onstage as Jonathan Harker in *Dracula*.

An evening for two can be had for as little as \$26. The cover is \$8 and a two drink minimum of \$5.

—David Keane



Ralph J. Moscato

AINT MISBEHAVIN'. Songs by Fats Waller and a cast of five. Plymouth, 236 W. 45th (730-1760).

AMADEUS: The Viennese rivalry between Mozart and his contemporary. Antonio Saleri Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th (247-0472).

ANNIE: Orphan Annie's adventures after she got eyes. Alvin, 250 W. 52nd (757-8646).

BARNUM: Jim Dale as P.T. Barnum, complete with mini-circus. St. James, 246 W. 44th (398-0280).

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS: As much fun as straight sex in the missionary position that you have to pay for. 46th St. Theater, 225 W. 46th (246-0246).

BRING BACK BIRDIE: The continuation of Birdie's career with a look at the lives of Albert and Rose 20 years later. Opens 2/19, until then in previews (and preview prices). Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th (246-6363).

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD A romance between a deaf woman and her nonhandicapped teacher. Longacre, 220 W. 48th (246-5639).

A CHORUS LINE: An act of love that has to be seen to be appreciated. Schubert, 225 W. 44th (246-5990).

DANCIN': A Bob Fosse Ballet. Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th (247-0472).

A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD... Groucho lives! Almost as good as a reincarnation. Royale, 242 W. 45th (245-5760).

DEATHTRAP: A playwright's submitted play, some real thrills, and a few good laughs. Music Box, 239 W. 45th (246-4636).

THE ELEPHANT MAN: A brilliant play enhanced even more now that Bowie's left. 222 W. 45th (246-5969).

EVITA: The life of Eva Peron. Strong score by Weber and Rice. Their first major effort since *SUPERSTAR*. Broadway at 53rd (247-3600).

5TH OF JULY: 33 years after TALLY'S FOLLIES... with Chris (Superman) Reeve as a gay Viet Nam vet with fellow former classmates from Berkeley. New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd (921-8558).

THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL: A revival of the 1927 musical by Kalmer and Ruby. Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th (246-6380).

42ND STREET: No show written is worth a \$50 orchestra seat, but this one does come close. Winter Garden, 1634 Bldg (245-4878).

GEMINI: Is he or isn't he? Only his girlfriend's brother knows for sure. Little Theater, 240 W. 43rd (221-6425).

JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN: A revival of the Ibsen play starring E.G. Marshall and Irene Worth. A play of gaps; between father and son, husband and wife, man and lover, man and mankind. At the Circle In The

Square, 50th West of Bldg. (581-0720).

LUNCH HOUR: Stars Gilda Radner in a play about two marriages and a lie that grows. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th (246-0390).

MACBETH: One of the most innovative stagings of this masterpiece, making excellent use of the catwalks. Beaumont, Lincoln Center (787-6968).

MORNING'S AT SEVEN: Four eccentric sisters and how they affect each other and their families. Lyceum, 149 W. 45th (246-0390).

OH! CALCUTTA! Not worth the space to review. Edison, 240 W. 47th (757-7164).

PIAF: Edith Piaf's life story that covers a 30 year period. Opens 2/5. Plymouth, 236 W. 45th (730-1760).

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE: The Gilbert and Sullivan operetta performed this past summer in Central Park. With Rex Smith and Livia Ronstadt. Uris Theater, 51st West of Broadway (586-6510).

SHAKESPEARE'S CABARET: An enjoyable musical event. Bijou, 209 W. 45th (221-8500).

STILL LIFE: Examines the lives of three people affected by the Viet Nam war. American Place, 111 W. 46th. Now In Preview.

SUGAR BABIES: Ann Miller and her trained hair (a cast of thousands). Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st (257-7064).

THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG: A Neil Simon musical that despite its beauty, has had so many cast changes that it lacks any consistency. Imperial, 248 W. 45th (265-4311).

TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE WE GO: A New England matron invites the family to a Thanksgiving geeked they won't soon forget. Unfortunately, it's written so poorly that the audience hopes they will forget. Baltimore, 261 W. 47th (582-5340).

OFF BROADWAY

ALBUM: Four highschool students during the 60s. Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. (989-2020).

AN EVENING WITH JOAN CRAWFORD: Described in the next issue. A musical by Julian Neil and opposed by Christine Dearest. Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (260-4481).

THE CAPTIVITY OF PIXIE SHEDMAN: Five generations of a Southern family. Marymount, Manhattan, 221 E. 71st (730-0794).

A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING: Two suburban housewives whooping it up in the big city. Stars Louise Lasser. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette (254-4370).

COMING ATTRACTIONS: An exceptionally funny satire with

NATIVE

M A R Q U E E

music by Ted Talley. Playwright's Horizon, 416 W. 42nd (564-1238).

DEAD END KIDS: A history of atomic energy. Public Theater, 425 Lafayette, (598-7150).

THE FANTASTICS: Fantastical that it's still running after all these years. Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF PONTIUS PILATE: The story of Jesus as seen by Pilate. 92nd Street, Y., 1395 Lexington Ave. (427-4410).

HOT FEET: Fourteen sketches giving a satiric look at life in the Big Apple. Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd (940-2824).

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE: A revival of the Osborne play. Roundabout Stage I, 333 W. 23rd St. (242-7800).

I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD: A dynamic musical keeping it together. Circle In The Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker (254-6330).

LAST SUMMER AT BLUEFISH COVE: A "Must See." One of off-Broadway's warmest shows (see last issue Urban Affairs). Actor's Playhouse, 7th Ave. off Christopher (691-6226).

MARY STUART: A historical essay starring Roberta Maxwell. Public, 425 Lafayette. (247-0394).

ONE MO' TIME: A beautiful little musical that shouldn't be missed. Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (475-5120).

PENGUIN TOUQUET: A new work by Richard Foreman. Public, 425 Lafayette (598-7150).

THE PRIMARY ENGLISH CLASS: A revival of the comedy about foreign speaking students on their first night of instruction. At the 78th Street Theater Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).

REALLY ROSIE: Another kiddie acted musical in the style of BUGSY MALONE. American Place Theater, 111 West 46th (246-3226).

SCRAMBLED FEET: One of Off Broadway's funniest and craziest (or sanest) shows. Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (982-9292).

TRIXIE TRUE, TEEN DETECTIVE: While not one of the best shows in town, Marilyn Sokol shines in this fun spy musical comedy. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St. (924-8782).

WE WON'T PAY! WE WON'T PAY! Buyers revolt in this new comedy. Chelsea Theater Center, 407 W. 43rd (541-8394).

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Steven Nelson and Jim DelPriore play an underground playwright and the love of his life in Robert Patrick's *Mercy Drop* produced by the Fourth "E" Co. at New York Theater Ensemble, 62 East Fourth Street, March 12 through April 5. Music was written by Rob Felstein and the play is being directed by Mr. Patrick. For information call 254-1197. For reservations, 477-4120.

Black Elk Lives is a sweeping historical drama of the American Indian and the oppression he experienced from 1492 to 1890—the date the massacre at Wounded Knee took place. Black Elk was an Oglala Sioux holy man and warrior who became the spiritual leader of the Indian Nation. The actors, crew, and staff are all members of the Indian community and represent the Mohegan, Cherokee, Aleut, and Zapoteca peoples. Premieres March 12 at the Entermidia Theater, Second Avenue at 12th Street. For reservations call: 777-6230.

Only her hairdresser knows for sure. Christine Jorgenson returns to New York to debut her new night club act at Freddy's, 308 East 49th Street, for a two week engagement beginning March 2. She will perform Mondays through Thursdays at 10:30, Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and 11. For reservations call 888-1633.

Bruce Hopkins describes himself as "a homosexual Lenny Bruce who took up knitting instead of heroin." Singer, comedian, and tap dancer Bruce Hopkins continues his long-run engagement at the Duplex each Sunday at 11. The Duplex is located at 55 Grove Street and reservations may be made daily after 4 by calling 255-5438.

"Living Gay in the Reagan Years," an all-day conference sponsored by the Gay Teachers Association of New York will be held on March 14 at Hunter College. The main focus of the conference will be to develop strategies to effectively combat the Moral Majority and its allies. Representatives of many gay and lesbian political organization will be present to participate in the conference. For more information contact the Gay Teachers Association at 499-1060.

The deadline for submission of all calendar events for Native VIII (March 16-30) will be March 8. Please send your event notice to:

NATIVE CALENDAR
New York Native
250 West 57th Street
Suite 417
New York, New York 10017

in the main floor auditorium, Greenwich house (7th Avenue at Barrow).

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4,

BLACK LESBIAN STUDY GROUP. The group will discuss *Loving Her* by Ann Allen Shockley, the first upfront black lesbian novel written by a black woman writer. At the Lesbian Herstory Archives. For more information call: 874-7232 or (201) 795-1794.

GAY LIBERATION ALLOWS DRAG (GLAD) Meets tonight and every Wednesday at 1835 First Avenue. For information call: 473-5886 ext. 204. Ask for Eve.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7,

SELF PROTECTION WORKSHOP. The Chelsea Gay Association and Safety and Fitness Exchange begin an eight week course on self defense for gays and lesbians. This and every Saturday through April 25. The cost is \$50 and it will be held at the June Lewis Dance Studio, 48 West 21st Street (7th floor). For more information call SAFE: 242-4874.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8,

1983 GAY WORLD SERIES IN NEW YORK CITY. A video tape presented

by Richard Diaz of the M.C.A.A.N.Y. at the East Village Lesbian and Gay Neighbors Sunday Night Speaker and Social Series, 25 St. Marks Place, 8 p.m. Coffee and tea social to follow.

FREE FILMS AT THE GARDEN. The Brooklyn Botanic Garden presents two free films at 1 and 3: *The World of Insects* and *World of the Beaver*. The Garden is located at 1000 Washington Avenue.

DARE HOLDS POETRY READING. Dykes Against Racism Everywhere will sponsor a poetry reading at the Women's Center, 243 West 20th Street, between 7 and 10 p.m. Childcare and refreshments are available. Donation requested is \$2.50. **WOMEN ONLY.**

STREAMS OF CONSCIENCE. Chants for peace continuous from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. at the New York Coliseum Art Expo 85.

MONDAY, MARCH 9,

CRITICISM AND THE CRITIC. Continuation of the Hibbs seminar series. See March 2 for details.

PETE AND CHARLEY. The second in a series of staged readings of gay plays. See March 2 for details.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10,

HOW TO UTILIZE YOUR BUSINESS AND CAREER SELF-EVEN IF YOU ARE GAY. Dr. Arthur Mann, author of *The Executive Time Bomb*, talks and answers questions on how to get ahead in business. West Side Discussion Group. See March 3 for details.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11,

FELICE PICANO presents writers from his book, *A True Likeness: Lesbian and Gay Writing Today*. Presented at Three Lives and Company Books, 131 Seventh Avenue South at 8. Readings are free but as there is limited space, it is important to arrive early to receive a number.

GLAD. See March 4 for details.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12,

FELICE PICANO continues at Three Lives.

TWO IN ONE, a dance concert based on the relationship between Helen Keller and Anne Sullivan. Theater of the Open Eye, 316 East 88th Street. Admission is \$4. For information call 339-9206.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14,

LIVING GAY IN THE REAGAN YEARS A discussion hosted by the Gay Teachers Association. Held at Hunter College. For more information call: 499-1060.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15,

FREE FILMS AT THE GARDEN. Three films presented at 1 and 3: *James Joyce's Dublin*, *Yeats Country*, and *Herbs: Use and Tradition*. See March 8 for details.

Cabarets

MONDAY, MARCH 2

MARY LOUISE (at 9) and **NANCY REDMAN** (at 11) at the Duplex.

KAREN MASON (at 8:30) and **JULIE NEWDON** (at 11) at Ted Hook's On-Stage.

CHRISTINE JORGENSEN begins a two week engagement at Freddy's, Mondays through Thursdays at 10:30, Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and 11.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3,

KURT LAUER (at 9) and **MARY GARIPOLI** (at 11) at the Duplex.

AUDREY LEVINE (at 8:30) and **HELEN**



Karen Mason returns to the Duplex

Photo: Skrebnicki

MERRILL (at 11) at Ted Hook's On-Stage.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4,

WACKER DRIVE (at 9) at the Duplex. **STONE and JONES** (at 8:30) and **SELMA HAZOURI** (at 11) at Ted Hook's On-Stage.



Karen Akers appearing at Mickey's

Photo: Marc Ransau

THURSDAY, MARCH 5,

WACKER DRIVE (at 9) and **JEFFREY ESSMAN**

WACKER DRIVE (at 9) and **JEFFREY ESSMAN** (at 11) at the Duplex.

"SONGWRITERS' SERIES" A musical tribute to selected songwriters at 8:30 at Ted Hook's On-Stage.

JUDY KRESTON (at 8:30 and 11) at Once Upon a Show.

KAREN AKERS (through the 7th) at 8 and 10:30 at Mickey's.



Bruce Hopkins continuing at the Duplex

Photo: John Galluzzi

FRIDAY, MARCH 6,

SHARON MCNIGHT (at 9) at the Duplex.

LUCIA TRISTAN (at 8:30) and the musical group **LYFE** (at 11) at Ted Hook's On-Stage.

Special Events

MONDAY, MARCH 2,

BONSAI. 35 of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden's most beautiful and exotic bonsai plants are on display at Rockefeller Center. Through the 22nd. Admission is free.

NARDO NIGHTS. The first in a series of staged readings of new gay plays. At the Shandol Theater, 137 West 22nd Street. Readings begin at 8:30. Admission is free.

THE MALE ARTIST. The Hibbs Gallery continues with its gay and lesbian art seminars at the Washington Square United Methodist Church, 135 West 4th Street. Contribution is \$3 per session.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3,

BEA LILLIE TO 1981 CAMP—A FREE-FOR-ALL ON GAY HUMOR with Thom Hansen and Randy Riggs, stars of *Panini and Randy Presents*. At the West Side Discussion Group, 8:30 p.m.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7,

SHARON McNIGHT (at 11) at the Duplex.
JEAN BERNARD (at 8:30) at Ted Hook's Onstage.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8,

REBECCA RENFROE (at 9) and **BRUCE HOPKINS** (at 11) at the Duplex.
RANDY GULL (at 9) at Ted Hook's Onstage.



David Summers appearing at Freddy's

DAVID SUMMERS performing through March 12 at 8 at Freddy's.

MONDAY, MARCH 9,

MARY LOUISE (at 9) and **NANCY RED-MAN** (at 11) at the Duplex.
ALEX PETERS (at 8:30) and **CRYSTAL JOY** (at 11) at Ted Hook's Onstage.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10,

KURT LAVER (at 9) and **MARY GARIPOLI** (at 11) at the Duplex.
DALE ELLIOT (at 8:30) and **"LADY DESTINY" EZILIE FAATZ** (at 11:30) singing musical selections from her new Broadway show, *Have You Seen Sunshine* at Ted Hook's Onstage.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11,

WACKER DRIVE (at 9) at the Duplex.
JUDY KRESTON (at 8:30) and **SELMA HAJIURI** (at 11) at Ted Hook's Onstage.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12,



Jeffrey Eisman returns to the Duplex.
Photo: John Galluzzi

WACKER DRIVE (at 9) and **JEFFREY ESMAN** (at 11) at the Duplex.
LIZ AND ROD (at 8:30) and **DEE MARTIN** (at 11) at Ted Hook's Onstage.
JUDY KRESTON (at 8:30 and 11) at Once Upon a Stage.
KAREN AKERS (at 8 and 10:30) at Mickey's.

FRIDAY, MARCH 13,

DAVID ST. JAMES (at 9 and 11) at the Duplex.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14,

CELESTE (at 9) and **KAREN MASON** with **BRIAN LASSER** (at 9 and 11) at the Duplex.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15,

BRUCE HOPKINS (at 11) at the Duplex.

Taverns

Obviously, this list can't include bars that we don't know about. If your bar is not listed, please drop us a line and let us know a little about it. Also, if you find that a bar has changed since we reviewed it (and let's face it, we can't go to each bar every issue!), write us at:

NEW YORK NATIVE
Bar Guide
250 West 57th Street
Suite 417
New York, N.Y. 10107

MANHATTAN

GREENWICH VILLAGE

ANVIL: Now a private club, membership, is that hard to come by with a friend. With both dancing and a drag show, its real attraction is the tour through the catcombs beneath the dance floor. **AYOR** Bring knee pads and a poncho. 500 West 14th Street at 11th Avenue.

BADLANDS: Some western and an ample S-M rack. Christopher and West Streets near the piers.

THE BAR: It used to be a neighborhood gay bar but now has clientele from every part of the city. Patrons include many East Village theater people and musicians, new waves, young and old alike, authors (including several well-known writers). A friendly atmosphere. Lesbians are also welcome. Fourth Street and Second Avenue.

BARBARY COAST: A real throwback to San Francisco's Castro Street, and not off the beaten path. 67 Seventh Avenue at 14th Street.

BONNIE AND CLYDE'S: Upstairs is one of New York's finest Sunday bruncheries while downstairs holds a fine lesbian bar and disco. A great place to go with a large group to enjoy yourself. 82 West Third Street, right off Sixth Avenue.

CRISCO DISCO: An after-hours (and before-hours) disco that has lines over a block long to get in as the sun rises over the city. If you don't mind being frisked (I found it a thrill), the wait is well worth it. A set of dance floors on two levels, a DJ sitting atop a giant can of Crisco, pinball arcade, coat check, and the youngest bartenders in the city. Drinks and cover are both reasonable and it's big enough to handle the huge crowd that frequents it. At 15th Street and Ninth Avenue.

DUCHESS: A ladies only bar that proves they can be just as raunchy as the men. Nothing but raves from the women asked. Disco, reasonable prices, and loads of fun. 70 Grove Street.

DUPLEX: One of the few classy cabarets left in town, expensive and expensive. Disco, reasonable rates, and a young crowd. Excellent shows on most occasions. 55 Grove Street.

EAGLE'S NEST: Packed almost every night with a young crowd. Very popular at the moment and serving the best burger for the money in town at all hours. 21st Street at 11th Avenue.

CROSS WORLD (formerly THE INTERNATIONAL STUD): Another private club in the style of the ANVIL but with less danger, enough light to see what's happening, films, and a wide variety of possibilities. 733 Greenwich at Perry.

JULIUS: This is the West Village bar where the bartenders hang out when they're out for an evening. Very friendly crowd. On Waverly and West Tenth.

KELLER'S: Some western, some S-M, some of everything. Best on Sundays. 384 West Street.

THE LOADING ZONE: While it doesn't yet have a large following (it opened February 20), this "back room" bar has unlimited possibilities once the word spreads. Rooms designed to provide a high level of intimacy while providing complete anonymity. It is a private club but membership is readily available. At 78 Christopher Street, just off Seventh.

MARIE'S CRISIS: Another spot where the bartenders hang out after they get off a heavy shift. A piano player goes through every song ever written as the group sings along. Done in art deco and slightly on the uncomfortable side. 59 Grove Street off Seventh.

MINESHAFT: It's hard to describe a floor of bathtubs and what goes on in, around, and above them, but not a place for the weak at heart or for those who like to stay dry. 825 Washington Street.

NINTH CIRCLE: This bar has a lot going for it. A patio provides a cool place in the summer with candlelit tables and waiter service (Aunt Grace and Sister Jim). During the day it's a neighborhood bar attracting writers, Broadway treasures, business men, poets, all served by Jimmy, the best bartender in town. An additional bar downstairs opens at night; pinball, pool table. Really begins to fill up at 11, and none of the urgency that occurs during the night, and only barely at last call. 139 West Tenth, between Greenwich and Waverly.

PETER RABBIT: A bar/disco that spills out onto the streets on nice evenings. One of the better spots on the West Side after a walk along the promenade. 305 West Tenth, just off Christopher.

THE RAMROD: Light to medium S-M with a decent, respectable leather crowd. Hot crowd on the weekends. "Really moves." No one under 21 permitted. West Street off West Tenth.

THE SAINT: The clone look is in! Thousands of men, shirts off, sliding on their sweat as it drips to the floor. Wonderful backroom. 144 Second Avenue (off Sixth Street).

TY'S: The most popular bar along Christopher Street, and understandably so. The easiest bar to "fit into" regardless of your drag. Western, leather, jock all fit right in. 114 Christopher near Bedford.

UNCLE PAUL'S: This bar changes more often in its policies than it changes its bulletin board (one of the most comprehensive chronicles of gay history not having been changed in five years!). Paul has just changed the atmosphere again with a big sign in front declaring the establishment off limits to anyone under age. At Eighth Street, right off Gay Street.

MIDTOWN

BETTER DAYS: Located on West 49th Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, 316 West 49th Street. Young crowd.

DAKOTA: A western bar that has been catching on in the past few months because of live country and rockabilly music on the weekends. A throwback to land improvement on the piano bar concept. On Second Avenue and 36th Street.

ICE PALACE: Lights, mirrors, sound, waiters, neon, all above-average. A young crowd, sometimes mixed, is as much fun to watch as they are to join. Dress is fairly classy. Don't show up too early. 57 West 57th Street.

STYX: Young crowd, mostly interesting. A good disco, especially if you like mirrors. 304 East 39th Street.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH: Shoe horns are available to force yourself in after 10 p.m. If you can make your way to the back, there's a cruise room with a pool table. Eyes meet across the right ball and try to connect in any of the other rooms. A disgrace nightly. Tuesdays are two-for-one. Third Avenue at 75th Street.

UPTOWN

CHAPS: The Uptown East Side cruise bar! A perfect example of what can happen when a bar tries to provide quality for its pe-

trons. 1558 Third Avenue at 87th Street.
HURRAH: A mixed disco with an atmosphere that changes almost nightly. 36 West 62nd Street.

HARRY'S BACK EAST: A spot to go with a friend, lover, or to make a friend or lover. The front section is a comfortable bar with honest lighting and private standing booths. The back features an adequate disco area, very good lighting for a place that small, good sound with excellent disc jockeys and a very friendly atmosphere. Early evening disco. Broadway dancers warming up. Third Avenue at 80th Street. Saturdays there is a cover that includes your first drink.

UPPER WEST SIDE

BOOT HILL: An uptown T.Y.S., located at 317 Amsterdam Avenue at 75th Street.

CAHOOTS: A beautifully designed bar in front of a restaurant that serves some of the finest meals available for the money in New York. Two-for-one nights, door prizes some evenings, a warm and friendly crowd. The perfect place after touring the Museum of Natural History or before going to Lazarium. 428 Columbus Avenue.

CANDLE II: This is a new establishment on the site of the old HALF-BREED. It's got a ground floor bar and a full-sized downstairs "back room" and is open 4 p.m. to 8 a.m. every day except Monday. 168 Amsterdam Avenue at 68th Street.

THE NICKEL BAR: 127 West 72nd Street between Columbus and Amsterdam. Young crowd.

96 WEST: Lots of dancing in this large, "really nice" spot. Great bartenders. 96th between Columbus and Amsterdam.

WAREHOUSE PIER 51: Located at 324 Amsterdam Avenue at 75th Street.

WILDWOOD: Currently very popular. Columbus Avenue between 74th and 75th streets.

BROOKLYN

DANNY'S of Brooklyn Heights: One of the better hot spots in the borough. A decent disco with dancing and an excellent Sunday brunch. 108 Montague Street.

RHYTHMS: Being the only gay bar at that end of the borough, catering to Borough Park, Bay Ridge, and Bensonhurst, the crowd is diverse and both gay and lesbian (though there are special "Ladies' Nights"). Live bands on occasion of above average quality, film nights, special features, a packed dance floor with an excellent sound system, and a location that makes it very convenient by train, bus, and car (however, there have been a few recent reports of tire slashings). 6826 New Utrecht Avenue off 68th Street.

SAL'S PLACE: A young crowd frequents this Brooklyn Heights bar and disco. Fair sound but fine dancing. 79 Pineapple Street, right off the promenade.

QUEENS

ARCK LANE: After-hours catering to the late-night homecomer looking for a social spot before heading home. Ladies from 8 p.m. to 2:30 a.m., men from 4 a.m. on. Located in Richmond Hill, 130-02 Atlantic Avenue.

BETSY ROSS: Jackson Heights and Rego Park are two of the gayest areas in Queens and support more than their fair share of bars. Unfortunately, many of them are below par and this is one of them. Dancing is allowed and meeting people may be easy if the night is right. Noted for its closeness to vaseline alley. 73-13 37th Avenue.

BILLY THE KID: This is the new kid in the neighborhood showing excellent progress in making a name for itself. Just a few steps from the IRT 7, E, F, GG, and N lines.

TAVERN ON THE TURN: This has got to be the friendliest bar in the borough, if not the city. Semi-private (you must go around to the side, ring the bell, and be identified to be admitted). During the day the bar is straight but come nine at night and you'll know otherwise. Very convenient to train (E and F to 169th Street) and by car (with plenty of safe parking). At 172-22 Hillside Avenue. Jamais Membership cards are available at no charge. Go late!

continued from page 16

often all aspects of sexuality were condemned, not only homosexuality. Some areas of the country have been very effective in preventing people from learning about sexual behavior. In New York City, where I come from, diversity is informative, even if frowned upon.

It was also my impression that more gay men got married outside large urban centers and led repressed homosexual lives or a double-life. But for the most part, I found that gays within a local community didn't stand out in any significant way from everyone else in the community. The values and styles of life were similar. And contrary to what we easterners have believed, I rarely heard of any problem a gay couple had living even in the most red-necked community. We in the east believe that gay couples are discriminated against in the boondocks. I found otherwise.

What's it like to be single in these small communities?

That's more of a problem. It's not quite as pleasant to be single. If the single man found other gays to relate to, and if he likes the idea of having a lover, it's okay. But if he doesn't, he may become rather lonely and depressed.

In one of the major distinctions in your book you've suggested that some men cherish excitement, while others prefer quiet, more domestic arrangements. The excitement-seekers, as you call them, place a greater emphasis on sexual needs and sexual compatibility than do home-builders, who like stability and intimacy in a relationship. Are these two types so mutually exclusive?

Not at all. Most of us are a combination of the two traits. No one can be so independent that he never needs closeness and stability with another man. On the other hand, the most extreme domestic type does need some outside stimulation. What I propose is that one or the other trait will predominate at a given time in a person's life. This kind of orientation to the world profoundly affects the kind of lover we choose and the standards by which we judge the relationship. It's not that one type of person likes a relationship more than the other—it's just that they want different kinds of relationships.

Which are you: an excitement-seeker or a home-builder?

If I have to cast myself, I suppose I'm a home-builder. I'm sentimental, an absolute requirement for a home-builder. I much prefer to have good friends over for dinner than go out on the hunt. Sometimes, however, tranquility may become oppressive. I own a beautiful country cottage, nestled in the woods. That's where I do my writing. It's very private and relaxing, but also, at times, very boring. So I joined the local volunteer fire company. Now I'm interrupted, occasionally in the middle of the night, by the fire whistle. I love speeding over the highways, driving to a fire. I love the rush I get from it. And then, for excitement of a different sort, I have New York City.

That's odd. You don't mind using the word love to describe your driving to a fire, but you refrain from using it to describe the feeling of romance.

Good point. There's no love in driving to a fire or the danger in being a

fireman. Even I use the word too loosely.

I've noticed that couples who have very rigid roles can sustain their relationship for a long time. How can this be?

Your question goes right to the crux of the matter. That is, what determines whether a relationship between two men will be judged as positive by both parties? Most of us think we can determine the relative satisfaction of a relationship, but that's often untrue. A misalliance occurs only when there is an unresolvable conflict between the lovers with regard to roles and goals.

The key word then is "conflict."

Yes. Relationships are only doomed if the men are unaware of the demands they are placing on each other. But if they're conscious of them, and agree to abide by them, then you have a match. It makes no difference how it looks to an outside observer. It's up to the two men.

What about the two types of men you mentioned earlier? Can they form a successful couple?

Excitement-seekers and home-builders don't generally make a good alliance because they disagree profoundly on their demands for a relationship. But two excitement-seekers can form a perfectly good relationship because they won't make certain demands on each other. They understand each other's needs of independence. And of course home-builders are made for each other.

But won't two excitement-seekers do a lot of tricking?

Sure. So what? They need a larger number of partners and a larger repertoire of sexual behaviors than home-builders. They understand that in each other.

Does a home-builder court disaster if he falls in love with an excitement-seeker?

Exactly. That kind of mismatch occurs frequently. It's not unusual for a fellow to have his first sexual affair with an excitement-seeker. The latter are usually very good sexually and very responsive to the needs of their partners. The fellow being brought out confuses the sexual skill of his trick for love, which it isn't and isn't meant to be. But the man new to gay life falls in—you should excuse the expression—love, and disaster inevitably follows.

This love, then, has to be unrequited?

Unrequited and extremely depressing. The one who wants loving sex and intimacy courts the one who wants none of it. The more the home-builder demands intimacy from the other, the more he pushes the other man away. The home-builder ends up depressed and hurt, while the excitement-seeker is oppressed. This is one of the psychological dynamics that end in some suicides in gay life.

Excitement-seekers aren't likely to commit suicide?

I doubt that very much. Since excitement-seekers reject dependence, they're not likely to recapitulate a Romeo and Juliet scene.

These two types then never get together as lovers?

One needs to be careful about saying never. But generally, this sort of combination sets the stage for horrible conflicts and break-ups. I'd predict chronic

fighting, mutual recriminations, feelings of hurt and abandonment and even acts of revenge. Other than that they shouldn't have any problems.

Are there periods in life when we are more excitement-seeking than home-building, or vice versa?

I guess there are. The young are the greatest romantics, and we find that they set up traditional, monogamous relationships. I tend to think that excitement-seekers are older and more experienced, and more capable of differentiating their sexual needs from their emotional ones. It may turn out that we have cycles in our needs for intimacy and excitement. But I don't know the answers right now.

You write a great deal in *Man to Man* about the relationships between a gay son and his father. There are a number of accounts of gay men who have masturbation fantasies about their fathers and even two men who actually had sex with their fathers. According to you, one's choice of a lover can be profoundly influenced by the father/son relationship. Can you give me an example of how the father/son relationship influences lovers?

Lovers tend to hurt each other occasionally. Often it's over something trivial. Then suddenly there's a response way out of proportion to the incident. What happens is that the hurt is reminiscent of something that happened in the past with one's father and all of the sorrow and anger from that original experience is refreshed and dumped on the lover, who is naturally mystified.

So problems in the father/son relationship cause anger in the man?

Sometimes. At other times the gay son continues to look for a good father in the men he meets and occasionally falls in love with. That also creates problems because he expects to find goodness in his lover. In one case a gay man sees men as better than they are and in the other as worse than they are. And in both cases the lover has been distorted into a person that only vaguely resembles him. It can become a mess.

Your book is very critical of the women's movement and that's bound to anger some people. What is your complaint about feminism?

I am and have always been an advocate of the women's movement. The gay movement and the women's movement are the same demand for civil rights and the failure of one will be the failure of the other. Every gay person must fight for ERA, for instance.

Then why do you criticize women?

What I criticize is the recent anti-sexualism that has appeared in some segments of the women's movement. I don't think that anti-sexualism is consistent with civil rights. Some feminists have defined what acceptable sexual behavior is and I don't think that's their right. Some women are against what they call "objectification," maintaining that we shouldn't be sexual objects. But many men, if not most, and probably many women adore being sexual objects. Many of us prefer to have moments of sexual abandon without closeness or intimacy, or any other commitment to the future, and to keep them separate from our needs for intimacy. I have no problem with a person who says that she doesn't want to be a sex

object, but I'll be damned if I believe she has the right to tell me that I shouldn't.

Some of your previous answers have suggested that the young are hurt in love affairs more than older men.

Younger men frequently confuse love with possessions and no one likes to feel possessed. The young tend to distort their lovers into an idealized image. They tend to see the best of their beloved and to reject the bad things.

That must be very difficult for the beloved to sustain.

Yes, indeed. The beloved is expected to act as if he were this perfect figure. It's like putting someone in chains, and no one can play this "good" role indefinitely. Of course, this same problem hounds us throughout life, but in our younger years we make the error more often.

Do the young form the most intimate relationships?

No, I think the greatest intimacy I've witnessed is among older couples. They really trust and care for each other in ways that the young do not. It's no fault of the young. They're not doing anything wrong. It's just a matter of time and experience.

S-M is a much-discussed topic these days. In at least some S-M situations I've sensed a great deal of tenderness and even lyricism.

I agree. I've met a number of S-M couples and their relationships seem no different to me than any other. The fact that their sex is atypical of the gay community at large is more of a concern of the outside observer than of them.

A friend described a gay bar in New York as the place where one goes beyond the sexual and into the anatomical.

Your friend is the sophisticated moralist. He's only saying that there are people who do things he disapproves of.

Do you think some of the kick will go out of homosexuality once it gets acceptable, once it becomes a choice rather than a rebellion or something sinister?

Perhaps, but gays themselves are participating in the discrimination, and if we do that we're never going to be accepted. Some gays prefer to have the straight world believe that being gay is a boring, conservative phenomenon. In short, they want everyone to believe that gays and straights are exactly the same. For instance, the National Organization for Women have recently declared which gays are legitimate gays, and they've excluded S-M, between the generations, pornography, open relationships, transvestism, and so on. To save their own skins some gays are trying to create a new category of sick people.

Are you saying there are no degrees of gayness?

Right. And there's no freedom to be gained at the expense of other people. If we do that we're no better than the straight people who discriminate against us.

Artem Lozinsky is a Canadian writer whose field is English literature. His area of concentration has been the works of Walt Whitman. He is author of R.M. Bucke: Medical Mystic and Whitman at Auction.

Illustration: Ken Gould

DEEP DISH

by George Whitmore

Episode Seven:

OUR STORY SO FAR: Well, it's obvious isn't it, really? That William's early-morning phone call to Binky (our narrator) was simply a means of making sure that nothing stood between him and his goal: getting into Henry Schneiderman's pants?

"Well, it's obvious isn't it, really?" Stanley said on the phone that night. "Our little William is looking for a husband, poor deluded soul. He's perpetually looking for a husband. All New York is, however, patently incapable of yielding one, as we know—save Henry, who's already proven his considerable potential. On the other hand..."

Stanley was never one to back away from putting too fine a point on things.

"You're right, Stanley," I said.

"Henry Schneiderman was devoted to Henry Cooper, but he was also wild about you in those last months, before Henry Cooper, er—Passed Over to the Other Side." An uncharacteristically pious note invaded Stanley's voice.

"You're right, Stanley."

"And you, Binky. Why so glum? You should be relieved, not to have Henry Schneiderman dogging your steps and all. Sending you flowers and telegrams and calling all hours of the night."

"He has not dogged my steps, Stanley," I interjected. "You know he loathes the Village. But you're right."

I had been forced by phone calls to change my number and place it among the legions of the unlisted. But I had received a telegram from Henry that very afternoon:

MUST REPEAT MUST TALK TO YOU RE LAST
NIGHT CLYDE'S STOP WAS NOT AT ALL WHAT
YOU MUST THINK STOP WHEN WILL YOU DROP
THESE SILLY GAMES AND ACT LIKE A HUMAN
PERSON STOP MEET ME ONE FIFTH MIDNIGHT
STOP

"William will keep him occupied," Stanley assured me. "Relax. Your long ordeal is over," he said, unconsciously quoting our new president on the recently released hostages. "Whatever does it have to do with you, anyway?"

"You're right, Stanley."

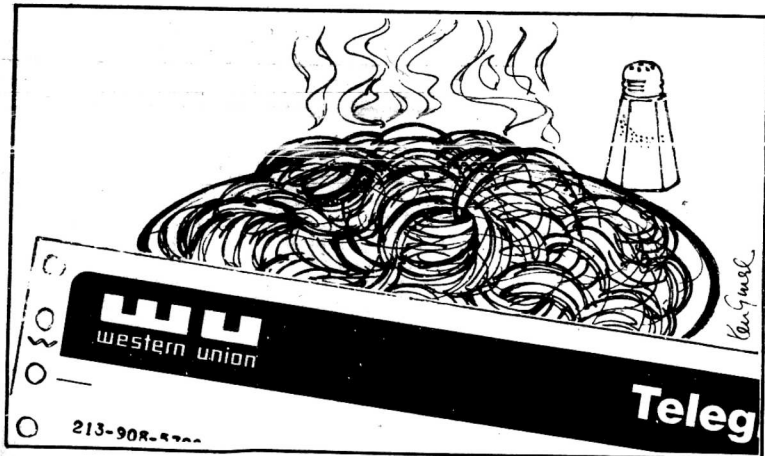
(It was just the mixture of abuse and reassurance I could depend on Stanley to dole out. What are friends for?)

"Perhaps, Bink, you should consider therapy again," Stanley mused. "You've been so droopy lately. Or one of those saline boxes. Sensory deprivation and all that. That's the source of your depression."

"I'm not exactly following you, Stan."

"Overstimulation. Waiting on tables at that dreadful Clyde's. All that raw meat..."

"Come on, Stan. I know the food's not the best, but I assure you, every single cut of meat is perfectly well done by the time it leaves the kitchen."



"I don't mean the food, Bink. I mean the men. Night after night, and then when you get off you're driven to the Stud or some other disgusting, benighted boit." Stanley sighed, audibly, over the phone. "You never date, I've tried to introduce you to dozens of perfectly decent prospects."

"You're right, Stanley," I said—agreeing with him was far preferable to defending my lifestyle—or life—as there was, to be sure, little style in it lately.

"Oh, bosh," said Stanley. "We both know you're hopeless. I don't know why I waste my time. It's just that I hate to think of you down there, three floors away, all alone..."

"I suppose you aren't up there all alone, Stanley."

"You know what I mean. I have one last word for you, Bink, then I really have to get off and rinse some things out—blast those Fiorucci dyes!—and that is: Fluff it up!"

"Thanks, Stanley."

I hung up—actually feeling a little better, for I had been blue. How to explain it? Stanley was right; I should be dating. Then I realized with a pang that for upwards of months now Henry Schneiderman had been the only man in my life. How absurd! But after all, who else sent me flowers and little notes, had avowed eternal love? No one but Henry. I'd gotten used to his attentions, however unwelcome they'd been. Why, just that afternoon—hadn't I been almost glad to receive his telegram? Even though I had no intention whatsoever of meeting him for a rendezvous at One Fifth...

Was I turning into a cock-tease?

Not that that possibility bothered me. It would, after all, be interesting for a change to be the object of unrequited adoration, as opposed to its victim.

Was my rejection of Henry totally perverse, then? Some token of revenge against past tricks and obsessions alike?

And what about his deceased lover, Henry Cooper? Had Henry Cooper himself thought I was leading his lover on, all those months Henry Schneiderman carried a torch for me? Had I even allowed myself to think about my dear friend Henry Cooper since his death?

His face appeared before me, like something out of *Macbeth*, a second-company roadshow: *For old time's sake*, it said. His last words—almost—to me. Then his image melted away and I found myself staring into the Tamara De Lempicka litho over the fireplace, an art moderne portrait of a dandy in a pinstriped suit who—come to think of it—bore a striking resemblance to Henry Cooper as I'd known him years ago in my (if not his) youth. *For old time's sake*. I shuddered.

Let Henry Schneiderman rot—at least he'd picked a fairly elegant place to do it—but I wouldn't meet him at One Fifth tonight or any other night.

Some weeks passed and nothing—not a note, not a telegram, not one trace of Henry Schneiderman. Had he given up at last?

But then I did hear about him, second-hand.

"Oh, and I saw William this afternoon," drawled Dan over dinner at Duff's one night while we were catching up on the news. "Running across Sheridan Square. As a matter of fact, he ran right past me on the sidewalk without a glance, and almost directly into an oncoming cab. I called after him but he didn't hear me, I guess. He sprinted into the clap doctor's. That's strange, I said to myself."

Dan forked fettuccine into his mouth.

"The clap doctor's?" (I was wishing I could remember the difference between cannelloni and manicotti—for one of them I liked very much and the other not at all, but since I could never remember the difference between the two, I always ordered the combination...)

"Yeah. William. Where would William pick up the clap?"

I pushed half my meal to one side of the dish. "That's unkind, Dan, and perfectly worthy of you. So what?"

"It's interesting, that's all. Don't you find it interesting? It means he's no longer saving it for Mr. Right. Anyway, I found it interesting. I waited for him outside."

"You what?" I stopped chewing a forkful of manicotti-tainted cannelloni, or vice versa.

"First I did my grocery shopping at Sloan's—I saw Ted Chasoff in frozen foods, by the way—then I waited for William outside the clap doctor's."

"You didn't."

"Of course I did. He was very embarrassed."

"Of course, he was," I said, genuinely indignant for William's sake. "How would you like someone prying into your private sex life?"

Dan looked at me as if the cannelloni/manicotti were laced with LSD. "Private sex life? Prying?" He raised his eyebrows. "I don't know what you're talking about, Bink. In any case," he said, twirling fettuccine, "everyone knows all about my sex life. There's Robert—who forbids me to discuss it, even in bed—and my Thursday nights."

(At one point, in the summer of their affair, Robert had graciously agreed to allow Dan Thursday nights off, at the baths.)

"And as for disease," Dan continued, "we're all just riddled with that anyway. Precautions don't pertain. The only hope for that is, doubtless, celibacy. But I do have this theory," he said, spearing crisp green beans *en aioli* and packing them in with gusto. "Sex is not the only way these exotic gay maladies are transmitted from humpy host to humpy host..."

"And what would that be, pray tell?" I asked, idly rearranging the pasta on my plate.

"Food," Dan said. "I'm sure all the chefs in these joints are gay, and we know all the customers are, or else we wouldn't patronize them in the first place. *Capiche?*"

I put down my fork—I'd already finished my half-portion anyway.

"Just a theory," Dan said. "I hope Robert buys it. Well, to get back to little William..." Dan poured me more wine. (I bolted it down, superstitiously hoping it would kill off the amoebas I'd just ingested; but surely not at Duff's!) "He was very embarrassed, all shades of red. Said he was picking up a prescription for a friend! Hah! I was very solicitous and even offered to keep him company, walk him to Bigelow's to fill it. Well, the upshot of it was that he'd had to get a shot, of course, and he was horrified I might tell on him. I swore up and down I wouldn't tell a soul, of course, but guess why he was so anxiety-ridden?"

"Your lack of ethics is appalling," I said. "Why?"

"Because—because of Henry Schneiderman."

I pulled a completely straight face. "Oh, yes, Henry," I said, fairly yawning.

"Oh, you knew," Dan said, disappointed.

"Didn't you?" I asked archly.

"Well, but of course," he said, trying to cover—but his hands were fiddling with the napkin. "Just thought you might not have. Anyways, as you probably know," he continued angrily, "they've been going at it like bunnies for weeks now, to hear William talk about it—as we strolled over to Bigelow's for his prescription—and they're quote very much in love end quote."

"How nice for them," I said placidly.

"Well, you certainly took it well, didn't you?"

"Took what?"

"Well—you and Henry, after all."

"There is no 'me and Henry!'"

"Settle down," Dan said. "This is a class establishment, not that meat rack where you work."

"I'll have you know..."

"All right, all right," Dan said. "Clyde's is the gay 21, okay? I just meant, you know, given Henry's feelings for you..."

"Have you been talking to Stanley?"

"Why, no."

(What wouldn't Dan do with the dish on my sort-of-rape at the hands of Henry Schneiderman?)

"Well," Dan said, signaling the waiter—who ignored him in a manner I could only aspire to myself—"there's one benefit to it. William's stopped trying to get Henry Cooper's share for Skipper Phelan."

"Stanley wouldn't have stood for it," I said, forgetting that Stanley had vowed never to return to the Island. "But that means..."

"Yes, exactly," Dan said, in his best Chairperson of the Board manner. "Henry Schneiderman. But don't worry, Bink. They'll never last that long."

"But what if they do?" I moaned, watching my summer gurgles down the drain.

"Now that William's given Henry the clap?"

(To Be Continued)

Christopher Street

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THIS IS NOT A FUNNY VALENTINE . . .

Six months ago, the **Chelsea Gay Association*** (CGA) started its **Anti-Violence Hotline****. Since then, approximately ten people have called every week to report assaults and robberies directly related to the fact that they were gay.

A year ago crimes against gay people were shoved as far back into the closet as we were 11 years ago. There was no one to tell, no one to help, no one who cared. Police bureaucracy, court hassles. Most lesbians and gay men weren't reporting incidents. Even fewer were brave enough to press charges. You pretty much had to fight the system by yourself or forget it. Violence against our community was a low priority on just about everyone's list.

Although the violence has been brought to the attention of the public, it hasn't stopped. But CGA – and you – are working on that, too. CGA doesn't stop when it gets a report. For every call to the Hotline, CGA monitors make about three: to elected and appointed officials, to hospitals, to gay lawyers for advice, to police precincts throughout New York, to valuable resource people who are concerned and can help.

Chelsea Gay Association couldn't have worked so effectively for three and half years without the involvement of people throughout Chelsea – indeed, throughout the five boroughs of New York City. People like CGA for different reasons – its street fairs, its community theater, the cabarets, potluck dinners, dialogues with local police officers, concerts, and the special meetings on important issues. Yet, what most people say they like about CGA activities are the people – the people they meet again in the supermarkets, in the laundromats, in their own buildings, at block association meetings, at street fairs. People who become friends. Neighbors.

More than ever before, CGA needs your support to keep its community-oriented services strong and healthy. A contribution of \$10 or more will help CGA continue its current projects and start new ones. Projects that will make CGA as influential in the future as it has been in the past.

\$5.00 keeps the newsletter coming. But give what you can.

* CGA is an all-volunteer organization.

** The Anti-Violence Hotline's number is (212) 691-7950
(For reporting incidents of anti-gay violence)

CGA, I want you to be my Valentine.

Here's a contribution of \$_____ to keep up the good work.

NAME _____ TELEPHONE _____

ADDRESS _____ ZIP _____

Please make check or money order payable to "CGA" or "Chelsea Gay Association" (Your checks are endorsed accordingly.)

I'd also like to help out. Drop me a card or call me the next time you:

Plan a theater event _____ Put together a newsletter _____ Need help on the anti-gay violence project _____
Need entertainers for a cabaret _____ Need court monitors _____

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Reen (Hans van Tongeren) and Maya (Marionne Boyer) at an evangelical tent show.

Spetters: Raped for his own good

By Sean Lawrence



There is a rape scene in *Spetters* upon which pivots the film's outrageousness. A dark young mechanic who has been preying upon homosexuals is encircled and raped by a gang of men. Is it because our young mechanic has been beating up and robbing homosexuals? If there is any justice in the world, the answer would be "sort of," but due to the inherent, peculiar logic in the world of *Spetters* (and any movie that wields so many patterns of individual fates is attempting to be a world-view finder), the answer is *no*.

The answer in most of the lives in *Spetters* is *no*. It is the uncompromising quality of the vision—bloodshot, bitter, cynical as well as randy, truthful, sensuous, that makes *Spetters* seem like the product of a noteworthy sensibility. Its plot is simple. In fact, there are times during *Spetters* when one feels one is watching a plotline rather than a movie, a visual synopsis of simple "hurt" lives, in this case the lives of three friends in Holland—two motorcyclists, Reen and Hans, and their to-be-raped-and-turn-gay mechanic, Eve.

The way these young actors look is half the enjoyment of the movie, especially Reen. His beauty exudes a cocky, puffy, pouty eroticism. He doesn't have the sharp, self-assured handsomeness of the motorcycle champion he longs to unseat. And it is the overpreened narcissism of the national champion that adds an underdog aspect to Reen's presence. The faces in *Spetters* have been chosen very thematically: Eve's broodingly dark (he is a latent blond), and Hans is dumb-blond and less successful at racing than Reen. Hans is planted in the trio as the one who clunks through life. Thus, we have three friends: one achieves, one broods, one clunks. The admixture

does not really add up to a convincing feeling of friendship, but then none of the relationships in *Spetters* seems very real. Everyone in the movie is just passing through other people on their way to somewhere else while standing still. Friends in *Spetters* are the people you use until you get to use someone more intimate, like a lover. The three friends jostle for pecking order when they spot a cute blond woman named Fientje in a fish-and-chips stand that she runs with her gay brother. We know the brother is gay because he reads muscle magazines and sulks most of the time. Fientje is an alluring monster. Some of the food she makes at her stand is made with dogfood. This does not bother her. Other people are the ones who think twice about such things.

As soon as Fientje eyes Reen, she proceeds to arrange the dismissal of the dark-haired, sincere woman in his life. She sees Reen as her chance to make it. He looks like he could be the next champion and her farewell to fish and chips and dogfood. Reen turns out to be very pliable in her hands. During a scene in which she plays with his soft, glad-to-meet-you-in-this-movie penis, we are given a rather classic image of a calculating, aggressive woman taking hold of a man by his softest part (other than his head, of course). There is a seductive, persistent undercurrent of whittling men down to size running throughout the movie, which is why I think it will be appreciated by gay men and feminist women. What are these stud motorcyclists made of, after all? In *Spetters* they're soft, dumb creatures who make selfish, tragic decisions and prematurely ejaculate. Life laughs at them. Life rapes them.

Life, in Reen's case, does more than that. Reen is crippled because he rides

too close behind a car from which a bag of orange peels is accidentally thrown in his face. Resituated in a wheelchair for life, he is rejected by his new love, Fientje. She hasn't got time for the pain. Reen, the potential champion, is no longer the ticket. The "friends" don't like hospitals.

Fientje, in the spirit of getting what she wants anyway she wants it, moves on to Eve. Eve has a future because he wants to move to Canada, and is robbing homosexuals at night in order to finance his future. He does that when he is not being dramatically beaten up by his Biblically fanatic father. His passivity in the face of his father's self-righteous violence is transfixing. The robbery of homosexuals is floated on a psychoanalytic premise in the hapless universe of *Spetters*. There is an earnest attempt at intellectual orderliness conducted through the concept of reaction conversion implicit in Eve's robberies. Eve robs homosexuals because he is homosexual. When he himself is taken and objectified, turned, through rape, into a "good fuck," he gets in touch with his homosexuality, as if he had been forced to walk into a mirror without his eyelids. That's what *Spetters* thinks, and frankly, intellectually speaking, what else is Europe for?

After the rape, the audience is left wondering why it wanted it to happen. (As it turns out, the rape was arranged by the gay brother of Fientje, who doesn't want his sister to marry a "fairy." No easy gay politics here.) At some subliminal level and some not-so-subliminal level, as soon as the gang surrounds Eve, one wants sexual justice, a hot scene. One wants Eve's erotic contempt for gay men to be plundered. That justice and sexuality should come together in an act of rape will outrage anyone, but

then I suspect that there are suppressed erections on both sides of the electricity during electrocutions.

It's hard to take the rape in *Spetters* too seriously. After all, the most interesting and charming characters since the Muppets are the penises in *Spetters*. At one point, the three friends measure theirs in a contest to determine who will get the equally secular Fientje first. The largest (Hans) will get the first crack at her. As fate would have it, she falls in love with the bearer of the smallest penis, Reen. As fate would have it in *Spetters*, size isn't everything. Fate is.



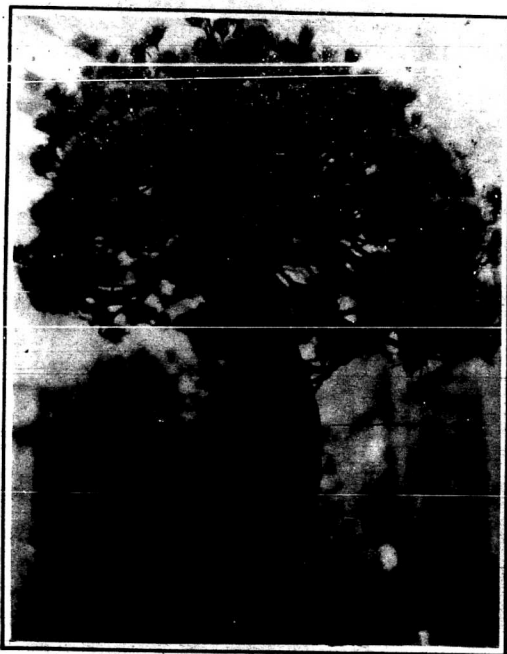
He who gets raped: Eve (Toon Agerberg).

Bonsai

by Harold Jay Klein

A 2,000-year-old tradition is being presented at the Rockefeller Center Channel Gardens, courtesy of the Brooklyn Botanic Gardens.

36 of the Garden's most exotic bonsai specimens are displayed in two greenhouses in honor of the 20th anniversary of the New York/Tokyo Sister City relationship.



Photos: Harold Jay Klein

Among the dwarfed potted trees (bonsai actually means "tray planting") is a 250-year-old white pine, eight-inch-high tea trees, a grove planting of cedar, evergreens, azaleas, and smaller plants that usually accompany bonsai displays.

What is most interesting about these plants is that although the tree stands no taller than two to three feet (any larger and they classify as "rub trees"), flowers and fruits remain the same size as if the tree were left to nature, attaining its full height. A wisteria hangs low, its branches weighted with lavender blossoms almost as large as the plant itself.

You are invited to walk through the mid-Channel greenhouse between 8:30 and 5:30. Experts from the Brooklyn Botanic Garden are available to answer your questions from 11 to 2.

If what you see piques your interest, call the Brooklyn Botanic Garden at MA2-4433, ext. 15, to find out about the Garden's one-day classes on bonsai, held every Wednesday.

Above: A white pine, no larger than when it was removed from a Japanese hill 250 years ago. (Actual size: 24 inches.) Below: The tree in front was planted in 1954, the one in back in 1964. There is less than four inches difference.



A Chinese kumquat bearing full-sized fruit.



All bonsai plants go through the same phases as they would in nature. In spring they bud (and this is generally when they are pruned back) and bloom. In summer those that normally would produce fruit (crabapple, cherry, orange) will do so. In fall the leaves turn red and orange and fall. During the winter they are kept cool and go through the normal

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DC Desk

Continued from page 12

only opportunity," says Kameny. "The question of concurrent legislative efforts being harmful has to be looked at very carefully and very knowledgeably. I'm still far from being firmly persuaded."

"The positions are not without some merit," Kameny says cautiously. "But on those grounds, you could apply that to any gay rights legislation at all."

"It's always possible that we're wrong," said Lucia Valeska, NGTF co-executive director, when questioned about the letter. "I think the military case must be considered separately. It sounds good at first glance to introduce any gay rights legislation at any time, at any place, but what you don't want to do is to provide an opportunity for the radical right to beat their chest and get an administrative policy codified in the law of the land."

"To an extent, it is playing with dynamite," said Valeska, "but this does not follow the nonvisibility, low-profile line."

Aside from the merits of the letter's content, the question of strategy was apparent when NGTF acted on a Congressional issue without full discussion with GRNL. It was not that they agreed to disagree; they simply didn't talk to each other.

"I think the relationship between us and GRNL is unhealthy and ultimately will harm movement goals, if it hasn't already," Valeska reflected. "Steve Endean [director of GRNL] still uses words like *rurf*. NGTF doesn't pretend

to speak for the gay community, and I don't think GRNL does, either. We speak for our membership and those who have made an investment in the organization."

"These are not the days to go off on individual organizational ego trips," warns Kameny. "If you speak with more than one voice, the voices are self-cancelling and it is as if you didn't speak at all. The fact is that they did not contact GRNL. I think they should be harshly criticized for that."

Steve Endean was caught by surprise by the NGTF letter, and said he was unaware of any NGTF problems with proposing legislation from his conversations with them. Nor did NGTF send Endean a copy of the letter asking McCloskey to drop Endean's project.

"I'm extremely disheartened and disappointed," Endean says. "The language used in this letter, were it to be widely known on Capitol Hill, is precisely the type of justification we hear for opposing gay rights on a daily basis."

It all may add up to nothing more than another squabble between the two major gay rights organizations, but it does seem as though NGTF is stating its case with language that may come back to haunt it sooner rather than later. Moreover, as Kameny points out, this is hardly the time to play king of the mountain.

"We might revel in all the differences between NGTF and GRNL," said Kameny, "but to the people on the outside being lobbied, it's all the gays are queers, and all the differences mean nothing, and we're left with zero and they do what they want to us."

Notes from the Underground

Continued from page 33



No, Virginia, 707 is not a jet-age answer to A-200, but Casablanca's newest act, whose members look like they live

at Cahoots and own every Clinique product out. These boys—actually from Detroit—are creating some of the most heated rock around. Kevin Russell, guitarist, vocalist, and songwriter, appeared in Broadway productions of *Hair* and *Jesus Christ, Superstar*. Jim McClarty, drummer, has performed with Stan Kenton and Buddy Rich. Phil Bryant, bassist, lived in Los Angeles. With those credentials it's no wonder 707's second album, titled *The Second Album*, is such a satisfying LP. For starters:

"I've got strings around my heart
Tearing me apart.
Wanna live with the girl
She's the only one in the world.
She's gonna treat me right
Gonna take all night."

They're not quite Sondheim—but then, can you dance up a sweat to "The Worst Pies in London"?

Scenes from a Seminar

By Adam O'Connor

The unwillingness to actually make judgments when considering works of art (or while considering things which use that as a working title) is often noted and occasionally lamented. This unwillingness in a group which has voluntarily come together at a "seminar" and which bills itself as the forum for discussing the great art-questions of the age is downright rude.

The Hibbs Gallery and Visual Arts Center are sponsoring a series of seminars entitled *A Continuing Aesthetic: Gay and Lesbian Art in the '80s*, through mid-March. (Monday evenings at 8, Washington Square United Methodist Church, 135 W. 4th St.). At the second of six sessions, *Erotic Art*, two artists participated in the evening's discussion and showed their work. Nancy Fried gave an extensive presentation of her witty and pneumatically quilt-like dough and mock-dough icons of lesbian life, and Bernard Zollo showed slides of his handsome and rather traditional oil paintings. Unfortunately, it was difficult to tell anything about these artists' work from their presentation on a wrinkled ten-foot screen, which was inexplicably placed at a rod's distance from

the front row of seats.

Tee Corinne, another artist, gave a threadbare overview of *The Whole History of Lesbian Visual Art*, and Lou Weingarden, director of the Stompers gallery, promised a review of gay art since the Second World War, but instead presented a dreary show of air-pumped muscle men from the sleazy side of this tradition. We didn't get a glimpse of Paul Cadmus or David Hockney, let alone anyone more obscure. Our eyes and stomachs were given a run for their money (\$3 at the door) with a display of the efforts of Tom of Finland and Steve Masters.

The evening was filled with special moments—most notably, Tee Corinne's presentation of a blank slide with the commentary, "This photograph is missing because I am not allowed to show it to a mixed audience where men are present." On Tom of Finland, Lou Weingarden said he might have been bothered by a young man parading about in an SS uniform had it not been "a purely sexual turn-on"; he offered a clarification that, of course, "politics had nothing to do with it," and Nancy Fried casually stated how badly she felt that two of her patrons wouldn't display one of her works; it might upset the maid.

Although no one agreed with anyone else, there was a cloying, almost gentlemen's club courtesy about the event. This was demonstrated most often by declarations of self-imposed insignificance: "I don't know, but . . ." "This is not a value judgment, but . . ." "I agree with you, but . . ." The soft-spokenness of the seminar was perhaps preferable to shouting, but the participants and the audience thereby consigned themselves to the dreadful position of unimportance.



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Ballet vs. Modern:

The Many Forms of Flesh-and-Blood

by Barry Laine

It seems ironic, but modern dance, birthed by a successive line of powerful women (Loie Fuller, Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, Martha Graham, Mary Wigman, Doris Humphrey) has offered men the greatest opportunities for personal dance expression, while ballet, for centuries the domain of the male ballet master, still celebrates the female as its aesthetic quintessence. But is this surprising after all?

At the end of the 19th and beginning of the 20th centuries, ballet was an establishment art, whereas modern dance was countercultural. Ballet stressed tradition and modern dance exploration. Choreographer as director vs. choreographer as performer. Ensemble vs. individual. Artifice vs. nature. Form vs. feeling. "Masculine" vs. "feminine."

These oversimplifications suggest why the modern dance movement may have been so appealing to women, especially to the mostly American women who engendered it. Cut off from Europe, cut off from power, cut off from male prerogatives, these women had to look to themselves for inspiration. Modern dance was dance that came from the inside out. It was not so much learned as discovered. Coming from within it was ultimately and radically egalitarian—brooking no authority beyond the individual. And this same freedom that gave kinetic self-determination to women restored it to men. Modern dance offered those men who couldn't or wouldn't be princes the chance to find their own ways of moving.

The Jose Limon Dance Company, which played a two-week season at City Center in January and February, demonstrates better than any other company (even Martha Graham's) this heritage of modern dance, Mexican-born Jose Limon became a dancer with the Doris Humphrey-Charles Weidman company in the 1930s. (They in turn had come out of the Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn Denishawn ensemble, as did Martha Graham.) When Limon founded his own company in 1947, he invited

Humphrey to be artistic co-director, thus ensuring continuing life to her choreographic work. Limon could draw upon not only the St. Denis and Humphrey influence, but upon the Shawn and Weidman experience, too. He grew up—choreographically speaking—with strong images of both women and men as dancers. Limon was an important link between early and "modern" modern dance, having choreographed up until his death in 1972. The present Limon company, now under artistic director Carla Maxwell, preserves the dances of Humphrey, Weidman, and Limon, and also performs the work of such contemporary choreographers as Murray Louis and Maxwell herself. More than a half-century of modern dance was represented by the works seen at City Center.

Doris Humphrey's *Air for the G String*, to music by Bach, was first choreographed in 1928, but still thrills with its simplicity as performed by the Limon dancers today. Five women in pastel robes—one in blue, perhaps the leader, and four others in peach—move slowly with torsos bent slightly forward and arms curved. The loose sleeves and trains of their robes accentuate the flowing motion as the women group and regroup, sometimes joining hands. Though the postures are highly stylized ("like a Maxfield Parrish," my friend suggested), the movement is basic—exciting not so much for what is there but for what has been stripped away. The women seem so comfortable with these gestures; they are not princesses or swans but real people moving together.

Humphrey's *The Shakers* came two years later and is far more complex in its composition. The Shakers were a 19th-century American sect whose service was unique among Protestant religions in that it included dancing. In the fervor of dance and song, they believed, one could "shake" away one's

sin, and for this piece Humphrey devised a stamping, wooden rhythm for the dancers. An elders lead the service while five men and five women circle, bend, and jump in prayer. Yet the stage is divided in half by an imaginary border line; the men and women never touch, although one couple yearns longingly after each other. The tension in this denied consummation is both narrative and choreographic. So much sexuality seethes beneath the surface: curative shaking is an involuntary expression of repressed passion. The men's high leaps with split legs and even the single finger pointed heavenward by the elders in spiritual admonition betoken both the ecstasy and torment of ascetic life.

On the program with these two Humphrey works were Limon's *Scherzo* and *The Unsung*, two all-male dances. *Scherzo*, choreographed by Limon in 1955 and reconstructed this year by Maxwell, bears placing next to Humphrey's *G String*. Where Humphrey's five women move in soft, flowing curves, Limon's four men leap and wiggle about the stage, cavorting with a drum. Their movements are casual, playful, perhaps even sports-like (a common theme in male American dance). Neither Humphrey's nor Limon's gender characterizations are unconventional here, but neither are they inaccurate. What each did was look at some of the common and non-virtuosic ways in which flesh-and-blood women and men actually move.

The Unsung is a paean to the American Indian, portraying eight famous chiefs: Sitting Bull, Geronimo, Pontiac, Tecumseh, Metacombet, Red Eagle, Black Hawk, and Osceola. Created in 1970, it is one of Limon's late works, and though it originally contained ensemble and solo work for each of the dancers, only six solos remain in the current version. Performed without music, the men circle, stamp, and

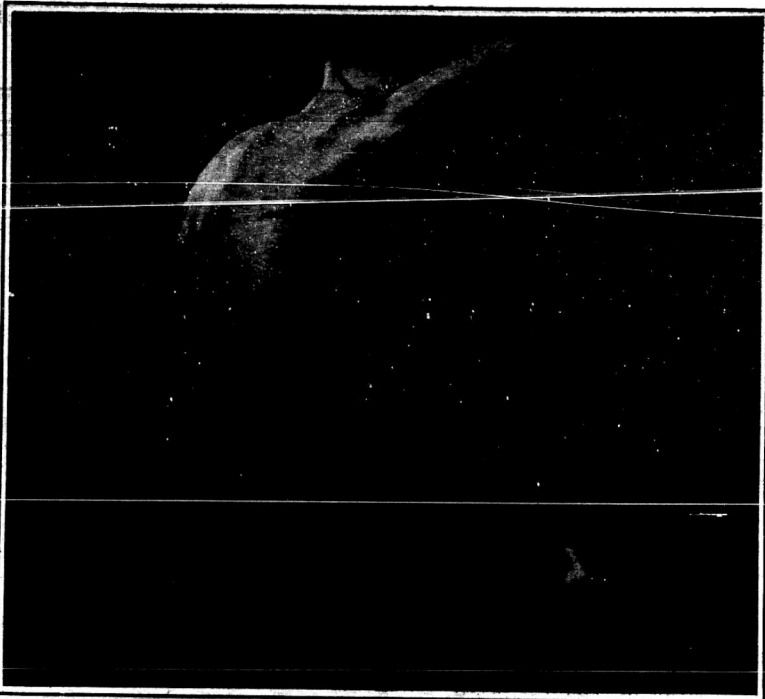
Photo of Stephen Pier in *The Unsung* by Tom Kerrigan

slide. As in Humphrey's work, the movement makes both thematic and choreographic statements. The dancers' hands, held up to their heads, fingers played, become headresses. Jumps and rolls suggest riding horses, hunting, waging battle. The dance is in the story and the dance is in the dance. When the performers crouch along the floor they remind us of the Indians' relationship with the land, but also show us how the ground works as a springboard for vigorous movement. *The Unsung* is just as much the story of eight different men dancing.

If modern dance celebrates the real, then ballet glorifies the ideal. Critic Marcia B. Siegel has written, "The audience goes to academic dance to be regaled with its own excellence, to be reminded of the world's perfectability even in imperfect times." Or as Arlene Croce has pointed out, the leg is real but the arabesque is not. Don't look for flesh-and-blood in classical ballet.

Nowhere is this more true than at New York City Ballet. George Balanchine, who once declared, "Ballet is woman," has more recently added: "You must be more careful with a woman. You must know just how to say things, how to dress them. They are fragile like orchids. You have to know exactly how much sun, how much water, how much air and then take them inside before they wilt."

It need not be pointed out that a flower is incapable of independent mobility. Even allowing for Balanchine's Imperial Russian *politesse*, these statements are grandly paternalistic. But there are choreographic reasons why women became and have remained the focus of classical ballet. (Their greater natural turn-out and extension and the movement options added by toe shoes give them more choreographic flexibility



than men.) And the social conventions of ballet have generally encouraged male choreographers to create for female stars. Yes, some women have become ballet choreographers; yes, some men have become important ballet dancers; yes, this is less true now than it was in czarist Russia; but nevertheless, ballet is hardly an organically feminist art form. Female style and form and even shape (consider the toothpick-thin Balanchine "look") have been imposed from without, by men. Which is not to say that Balanchine isn't the choreographic genius of our century; only that his biases should be acknowledged.

Still, Balanchine's male choreography, even when not center stage, does not falter. "I am a man," he has said, "and I know very well how to make dances for men." He has borne this out in *Kammermusik* No. 2, a 1978 creation seen several times this past season. Set to a score by Hindemith, Balanchine departed from his usual custom and juxtaposed the two principal couples against

an all-male corps of eight dancers. Always a master of group formation, he uses the line of men as effectively as he has women, and in similar ways. Visually, the corps becomes a backdrop that frames, complements, or comments upon the principals' dancing. At times they are extensions of the solo dancers, like lines of perspective traveling off into the distance. At other moments they become a sculpture garden in which the soloists must thread their way. Formally, their multiplicity magnifies chosen steps and gestures.

Kammermusik is not a pretty ballet. Elbows and heels make their mark in angular movements, especially in the beginning of the ballet, where the dancers seem purposely directed against the flow of the music. Although this chopiness is smoothed out as the dance develops, the sharp attack of the dancers is constant.

But why did Balanchine choose a male corps? I kept asking myself. How different would this ballet have looked

with eight women instead? One clue is in the sculptural poses of the men. There was a moment when three men edged slowly across the back of the stage, arms locked together. Their bulk lent a solidity, an opaqueness, to their form that three women would not have suggested as well. In fact, much of the corps work utilized low, close-to-the-floor steps. Women, especially on *pointe*, would have given the ballet too airy, too light, too flowing a look, whereas the male choreography emphasized weight and gravity and suited well the music's dissonance.

I don't think it's fantasy for me to believe that Balanchine could significantly expand the realm of male choreography in classical ballet if he chose. Now how do we talk him into it?

A correction: Although I was quite critical of the Cleveland Ballet in my last column ("Too snide," one friend chided me), apparently some feel even more strong-

ly than I. Where my manuscript called Dennis Nahat's dancing abilities "superb," the typesetter (unconsciously?) substituted the word "absurd." I did enjoy Nahat's performances; he kept the stage alive even when his choreography couldn't. Our apologies for the error.

Worth Checking Out

Live Boys John Bernd and Tim Miller are two of the very few dancers who don't leave their sexuality behind in the dressing room. Catch them March 5-7 and 12-14 at 9 p.m. at P.S. 122 (First Avenue and 9th Street). 228-4104 for information.

Ohio Ballet's artistic director is one of another rare breed, a real choreographer. Brooklyn Academy of Music, March 12-15 (636-4100).

Lucinda Childs Dance Company Formalism is not dead and Childs' icy geometry dazzles like an Ice Palace. March 12-14 at Marymount Manhattan Theater, 221 E. 71st Street (279-4200).

Ask Dr. Berger

by Stuart Berger, M.D., M.P.H.



What is important is that you not brand yourself "the bad person"—the responsible party—for a conflict that they are having. What you must do, rather, is renegotiate the relationship in your own mind in such a way that you can accept the positive aspects of the relationship and remove yourself psychologically from their condemnation of who you are. Just remember: a relationship consists of two parties, and you're entitled to demand certain ground rules as well.

Dear Dr. Berger:

I want to meet a woman who's right for me, but I don't get into women's bars. (My father was an alcoholic, and I get very jittery around booze.) Unfortunately, political organizations are out (I'm an anarchist), as are coffeehouses (can't take folk music). What's a dyke to do?

Solitary Confinement

Dear Solitary:

What's a psychiatrist to suggest? It sounds as if you'll have to prioritize how important a relationship is to you, and if you indeed want this relationship so badly, you might have to make compromises in some of your other activities. Clearly, it's understandable that you would feel uncomfortable around alcohol as a result of your father's alcoholism. Nevertheless, you don't have to associate with people who are drinking alcohol in a bar, nor do you have to drink. Once engaged in a conversation with someone you find interesting, you can share your discomfort with her and go somewhere else. Also, there are dance bars that do not serve alcohol, there are coffeehouses that don't play folk music, and there are political organizations that facilitate anarchism.

It seems to me that you are making obstacles which help you to avoid ob-

taining what you say you want.

Dear Dr. Berger:

We have just learned that our little girl (17 years old) is a lesbian. We are shocked and distressed, for her older brother told us last year that he is a homosexual. We don't know how to take this double tragedy. What did our son do to our daughter, and how can we convince them both to mend their ways?

Heartbroken

Dear Heartbroken:

Sixty years ago, Dr. Sigmund Freud received a letter similar to yours. His response (paraphrased) was as follows: Your children's homosexuality is not mendable. Therefore, if you are going to maintain a relationship with them, you will need to incorporate the knowledge of their sexual preference into their character.

Only by understanding them as human beings with both assets and liabilities can you have any relationship. Perhaps with time you will understand that your children's sexual preference is not a result of your inadequacies as parents, nor is it their illness.

Dear Dr. Berger:

I'm horny as hell, but I can't maintain an erection at the tubs. Help!

Can't Get No Satisfaction

Dear Can't:

It seems to me that you have two choices: develop a larger social network with more frequent visitations to your home, or find a method of making the tubs into yet another living room.

If you find that maintaining an erection with a partner in a place other than the tubs is still a problem, there are a number of sex therapists who can provide behavioral methods of maintaining erection which can be helpful. A will

respected sex therapy clinic is at Roosevelt Hospital, and it offers sliding-scale rates.

Dear Dr. Berger:

I'm seeing a guy who I like very much, but I want to be just friends. He wants more. My problem is that he's very sexy, and when he invites me home with him, I just can't resist. Afterwards I feel guilty and promise myself that I'll restrict our future dates to dinner and drinks, but it does no good.

Not a Catholic

Dear Not:

Your letter doesn't provide me with enough information to properly advise you. What I can't understand is who you don't want to have sex with: this person who you find sexy and whose friendship you enjoy. Is it because you have a lover and a commitment to a monogamous relationship, or because you find sexual tension in a relationship threatening? If it is the latter, it appears that the problem is one of intimacy and being able to enjoy it. What is required is for you to more thoroughly understand what your needs are in a relationship and how you expect to make them work.

What also concerns me is the implied mutual exclusivity of the categories of friend and sexual partner. One can have very fulfilling sex with friends, in fact, long-term relationships include friendship as well as sex.

Dr. Berger invites you to submit letters or comments to him. Address them to:

Stuart Berger, M.D., M.P.H.
480 Second Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

Please indicate whether your letter is intended for publication in the *New York Native* and, if so, whether your name may be used.

Vito Russo and Arthur Bell have talked to each other by phone practically every day for the past ten years. This is their conversation of February 13.

Arthur: You won't believe what I just got in the mail. A wedding announcement from William Atherton and his new wife, our favorite Aesthetic Realists. Both sign the invite "Victims of the Press." Are you still there? It's an Aesthetic Realist wedding announcement and it's hilarious. I mean, I don't wish their marriage harm, but have you ever heard of anything so hilarious in your life?

Vito: Well, the deed is done. Now they can name their first child "Living Proof." Are you going to go?

Arthur: It's already been.

Vito: You mean to tell me they sent you an announcement after the fact? They didn't invite you to the wedding but they want you to know they're married. God in heaven—that's appalling.

Arthur: If I'd been there, it would have been a bigger happening than the wedding. They hate me. The Aesthetics stick pins into their doll of me before each meeting.

Vito: If they're victims of the press, they should want that story in the *Voice*.

Arthur: That's a very good point. If they had wanted that wedding in the *Voice*, I would have covered it.

Vito: You would have covered it not exactly the way they would have instructed you to cover it, which has always been the problem with those people. I'd have told you what to write.

Arthur: I'd have covered it as a social event. I'd have written, "The groom was adorable, in baby blue," or whatever.

Vito: They should know that any publicity is better than no publicity. It would have been very funny.

Arthur: Anyway, what do you have to tell me? How does the apartment look?

Vito: Terrific. Like a Dior perfume box. It's white and gray with a little sky blue thrown in. It looks like the animation sequences from *Mary Poppins*.

Arthur: I have a feeling it looks like what's inside Suzanne Somers's head.

Vito: I have the green Christmas tree that my sister-in-law gave me, lit up, and my two little characters from *Cinderella* sitting around it, so it's quite a little fairyland here.

Arthur: I'm sure it is. But a Christmas tree on Valentine's Day?

Arthur: I'm seeing this guy who I've been seeing off and on. I haven't seen him for about two months. We're going to *Specters*? *Spitters*?

Vito: The Dutch film. The rape film.

Arthur: The lovely reconciliation film. Then we'll come back here and talk, if you know what I mean. What are you doing?

Vito: I'm going to sit home and work and then I'm going to the library. Stuart Byron's going to Berlin tonight.

Arthur: Oh, thank God.

Vito: Arthur!

Arthur: Do you think we can pay somebody to start a third world war?

Vito: Lay off! By the way, Stuart and his boyfriend liked *La Cage Aux Folles II*.



Illustration: Harold Montiel

Russo/Bell Connection

Arthur: Stuart's got a boyfriend?

Vito: He met this guy and has seen him a couple of times.

Arthur: That's not the one from Thanksgiving?

Vito: This one's brand-new. Did you like *Charlie Chan*?

Arthur: I rather liked it. The gay thing is nicely handled. Not that there's much of it.

Vito: It must have been while I was sleeping.

Arthur: They go to a disco and there are three gay guys dancing, along with everybody else. There's not much made out of it. And the chief of police makes a comment about being hassled by various pressure groups including the gay activists. I just thought it was part of the entire plot fabric, which is the way it is in San Francisco.

Vito: Did you see that piece in the *Times* yesterday about the Moral Majority?

Arthur: No.

Vito: It's just a little news item which says that the Moral Majority leader there said that he believed in capital punishment for homosexuality, which he thinks is akin to murder, and that they're spending three million in the city of San Francisco to take out advertising in the press which will cause hatred of gays in the community.

Arthur: Well, that's not going to work at all. The community is homosexual.

Vito: That's what they're yelling about. Fireworks.

Arthur: Do you know the Sisters of Perpetual Mercy, or whatever the hell they're called? They went to Castro Street and scared the Moral Majority off the street.

Vito: The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence. They're wonderful. They're like guerrilla nuns.

Arthur: Arthur Evans adores them. There's a big piece about them in the *Advocate* this week. I haven't read it. Have you?

Vito: I haven't seen this issue. It's got a story about racism with lesbians picketing the Duchess.

Arthur: The Duchess of Windsor? Why?

Vito: No, that lesbian bar on Sheri-

dan Square. Is the Duchess of Windsor still alive?

Arthur: She's very sick, isn't she? Or very old. That's why I was shocked.

Vito: Are we talking about Wally Simpson? Come to think of it, we would have heard if she'd died. No?

Arthur: I have a vague feeling in the back of my mind that she might have kicked the bucket. Or was about to, then rallied.

Vito: I'm sure that somebody knows. We could ask around.

Arthur: If she died, there would have been an autobiography. She's probably just paying for her sins. We all pay for our sins when we get old. That's why you and I will live to be 100 and we'll be beautiful.

Vito: You mean another hundred.

It feels like it's been a hundred. Our magazine in Washington is sponsoring the opening of *La Cage Aux Folles* and they wanted me to review it. I said I hated it, and they said, "No, thanks."

Arthur: Speaking of the integrity of gay media! I see where there's going to be another gay media conference in San Francisco or Hawaii.

Vito: It's in Dallas. I'm going to try like hell to get there.

Arthur: Did I tell you about the call from Raquel Welch's manager? I guess not. He called a few hours ago.

Vito: So...

Arthur: He said, "What feedback are you getting?" I said, "What feedback do you want to hear?" He said, "Raquel is rather upset." I said, "She can't be upset because of the quotes. The quotes are 100 percent accurate." Well, Vito, it wasn't because of the quotes. It was because Michael Phillips thinks she's still seeing a psychiatrist. Her manager said she wasn't going anymore. I thought to myself: My God, I called her the world's worst actress. I said her coworkers hate her. And she gets upset because I mention that she's seen a psychiatrist. They're crazy.

Vito: They all are. Remember in *The Poseidon Adventure* when the little kid calls Shelley Winters a whale? Then later he says, "I'm sorry I called you a whale," and she says, "With all that's happened to us, so that's what you're worried about?" It's just a movie culture, darling.

Arthur: I said to Raquel's manager, "It's interesting that you're upset, because they're very upset at MGM, the enemy camp." Suddenly, he's very enthusiastic. "Oh, they are?" Glee in his voice. "Yeah," I said, "because they thought I was sympathetic towards Raquel. I guess I did a very balanced piece. You're all upset." And he said, "Well, I guess you did." Wait until next week. I call George Cukor senile.

Vito: Everybody knows about it, anyway. Why not say it? By the way, I'm going to run *Roxie Hart*. Maybe Sunday.

Arthur: I can't see it Sunday. I'm going to the Saint for that Robert Livingston Health Clinic benefit. I'm meeting Stephen Bie there at 9:30.

Vito: On Sunday there's also a party for Mike Lavery.

Arthur: I forgot. I've got to go to that, too. Let's meet there.

Vito: Fabulous. And I'll go with you to the Bob Livingston benefit.

Arthur: Then *Roxie Hart* is out?

Vito: I'll try it before the week is out. Dirt, dirt, more dirt. What have you got?

Arthur: I'm seeing Chuck Orlebe tonight. We're going to *Almandine*—what is it?

Vito: *Amadeus*.

Arthur: Oh, *Amadeus*. I don't look forward to it.

Vito: I didn't think you went in for art, Gloria Grahame isn't in it.

Arthur: I was supposed to go opening night but that's when I was having my hallucinations.

Vito: This is where I think you and Clovis Ruffin have a lot in common.

Arthur: Hallucinations?

Vito: No. One day, Itzhak Perlman was playing the violin on the Dick Cavett show....

Arthur: Who?

Vito: Perlman. The great violinist.

Arthur: How do you spell it?

Vito: I-T-Z-H-A....

Arthur: Oh, Itzhak.

Vito: Anyway, Clovis walks out of the room and one of his friends turns to me and says, "If Marlene Dietrich was playing the violin, he would have been glued to the set."

Arthur: So would you.



La Lube Ali by George Dureau. Photograph courtesy of the Robert Samuel Gallery.

uptown

by Michael Grumley

evening of unflagging musical delight. Tubular neon hangs in the air; the glint of brass and the flash of white satin keep the energy high as number after number is presented with uncommon professionalism and spirit. Led by the amazing Gregory Hines, these feet and legs, kicking and tapping, climbing staircases, bucking, winging, thrusting upward from pianos, are unquestionably among the best in the business. When Hines and Gregg Burge in satin tails pair off for a series of challenge dances, their hot, quick, flashing movements are pages from a textbook on tap. The precision and intelligence of the choreography in all the numbers is exceptional; the combinations worked on the Ellington music are fresh and rewarding.

The percussion line and lyric line work against each other to startling, evanescent effect, as Burge, Hinton Battle, and that wonder of grace and nature, Judith Jamison, combine forces in "Love You Madly" and "Perdido." Later, the two men move like slices of hot bread against the spicy and delicious Mercedes Ellington in "Dancers in Love." This is a revue in the old style, without the hokum of nostalgia.

Gregory Hines alone on stage singing the direct and plaintive "Something to Live For" under blue light; Judith Jamison circling and bobbing, soft mauve skirts swirling around her like the petals of an orchid as the clear voice of Priscilla Baskerville surrounds her, lyric and beautiful as dew, in "Solitude"—these are star performances. There are other indelible details: the hands of Hinton Battle, extending a line, cutting short a phrase, counterpointing the movement of his magical feet in the Harlem numbers; the way Terri Klausner pulls out all the stops (and hairpins) in "Hit Me with a Hot Note and Watch Me

(Continued on page 33)

There is a very good production of Granville Wyche Burgess' play *The Freak* playing at the WPA Theater these nights. The title character is Edgar Cayce, and the action onstage involves him coming to grips with his gifts of prophecy and healing while maintaining his life as husband and father in a small Kentucky town at the turn of the century.

The play manages to take Cayce and his situation seriously and to present his extraordinary circumstances in a forthright fashion. There is much talk of homeopathy and religion, karma and the transmigration of souls, dotted with quotes from Montaigne, Voltaire, Corinthians. The actors who portray Cayce

and his wife are earnest and impassioned, the sets and direction splendid—the play blends down-home humor with serious intention, and the result is an exciting, even illuminating, evening.

Before it left town, another Southerner's work was on display at the Robert Samuel Gallery, generating quite a bit of excitement of its own. The photographs of George Dureau are to some freakish and daunting, but seem to me to be clean hard statements of human invincibility. New Orleans men with dark eyes and unsmiling faces are photographed against the high walls of his studio in the French Quarter—the only props are silver chains around their

necks, handkerchiefs tied up into turbans, a side chair in a corner, the silhouette of a horn. The life in these portraits is palpable and intense, and the collection recently on view is a reminder that the male of the species is an object of unremitting power and beauty.

Coming up from Washington and other points south, another exhibition of talent has just gotten underway, and a hundred pleasures are to be had amid the sweet cacophony of tap, trombone, and vocal melody at the Lunt-Fontanne. This is the brand-new and much-awaited production of *Sophisticated Ladies*. (See related review, page 24.) From the opening bars of the title song, this is an

between the Angels and neighborhood community groups is that the community groups call the cops when they think something's wrong, but the Guardian Angels think they are the cops.

Arthur: Didn't you say you had a friend who saw them standing around the subway bathrooms?

Vito: There are certain lines on the East Side, like the RR line, where five or six of them enter cruisy tearooms while gays are there and just stand with their arms folded. Till everyone leaves. It's a silent intimidation technique.

Arthur: It's harassment, is what it is.

Vito: What bothers me is, if you go to the head of the Angels and ask him if the Angels are anti-gay, of course he'll answer "no," but he controls thousands of teenagers....

Arthur: Are you sure this is true? Has anybody confronted him with their

attitude towards gays?

Vito: I'd like to. I'd like to do some checking.

Arthur: Take along a mace gun.

Vito: You mean, because he might be violent?

Arthur: I don't know. You may have to meet them in their turf. I saw *The Warriors*. You're not going to ask him to have tea with you at Serendipity.

Vito: I would.

Arthur: Do you think he'll go?

Vito: Oh, sure. He'd probably insist on the Waldorf. He's turning into the Barbara Rosen of the Bronx.

Arthur: God, Barbara Rosen. She was a flash in the pan.

Vito: Imagine! Brenda Prazier, and now Barbara Rosen.

Arthur: In two years, we'll read the biography.

Vito: Before that. In two months.

Arthur: She'll write what it was like

cooking and sewing at home in Brooklyn while Barry was a prisoner in Iran. There'll be a section with recipes.

I hear they're wearing Guardian Angel outfits at the Mine Shaft.

Vito: I see gay men dressing like Angels now the way they dress in leather and as cowboys. It's the new costume and it's frightening, because the last costume was brown shirts.

Arthur: We've gone from fairies to Guardian Angels in one fell swoop.

Vito: Didn't take long.

Arthur: I'd like to open up a bar and just cater to customers who wear wings.

I'd call it The Fairy Dust.

Vito: Fabulous idea.

Arthur: Everybody in red would be banned. Everybody in berets would be banned. Pink would be the color.

Vito: It would be mobbed every night. What about our old idea of opening a bar where everybody would dress

as a chicken?

Arthur: Chickens are *passé*. Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder cooked that goose in *Sir Crazy*. I think angels would be better.

Vito: You mean, dress as real angels with wings.

Arthur: That's the point. Little halos around our heads. If the halo is tilted slightly to the left, you're a passive angel. To the right, you're aggressive.

Vito: Excellent idea.

Arthur: The idea of angels getting fucked and being fucked is something to ponder.

Vito: Did you ever notice that it's all smooth up there in the heavens? They don't do nothing. Angels don't have no equipment. All they got is wings.

Arthur: I wonder if angels actually have cocks.

Vito: No. They sit on each other's wings.

CITYSCAPE
with
Cy Ross
by Burton Clarke

... AFTER
THE VICIOUS ATTACK, CY, DAZED
AND BLOODY, MAKES HIS WAY
BACK TO CHUCK'S APARTMENT...

CY!! OH MY GOD!! WHAT
HAPPENED?!!

THREE
GUYS ... JUMPED ME ... ONE
HAD A KNIFE ...

A KNIFE IF THEY TRIED TO
STAB YOU? WHY?? FOR
MONEY?!

NO ... CALLED ME
"FAGGOT" ... WOULD HAVE
KILLED ME ... RAN OFF...

CY... THIS CUT'S PRETTY DEEP.
YOU'RE GONNA NEED A FEW
STITCHES...

... IT HAPPENED...
SO FAST I WAS SCARED...
... SO SCARED ... CHUCK-!



PLEASE, COME ON, CY. WE'VE
GOT TO GET YOU TO A
HOSPITAL.

I CAN'T GO OUT JUST
YET ... IN A MINUTE...

Rollerena

by Michael Thomas

Happy Saint Patrick's Day!

MANY PEOPLE CONSIDER
ROLLERENA TO BE SO PURE, THAT
THEY FEEL SHE COULD SKATE DOWN
THE CENTER AISLE OF
ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL
AS A STAND-IN FOR THE
VIRGIN MARY!

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Notes from the Underground

by Brandon Judell

This week's column was originally going to set the *New Yorker* to shame. You were to read about getting newly

sprouted Central Park grass stains off your Calvin Klein slacks. Gore Vidal was to explain why he's scripting the homophobic *Dick Gray* for Warner Brothers. There was to be a witty yet eye-opening editorial on Ronald Reagan and his connection to the deteriorating pool table at the Wildwood. Sadly, the *New Yorker* will be able to hold its head up unchallenged for another week.

I am too depressed to be linguistically superlative. Why? My phone rang half an hour ago. It was a young Seventh Avenue designer. "I just came from Dr. Downs. I went there about my frontal gonorrhea. He's so dreamy, isn't he? Well, after handling my clap, he stared at my bloated stomach, pressed various parts of it, listened to me scream, and diagnosed 'amebiasis.' I feel like I'm a walking black plague, and that's without my leathers on."

Another one struck down. Not only has every third gay man in my phone book been infected with parasites in the last two years, I just discovered that it was a Broadway producer who exposed me to my case of intestinal

critters. "That's show business," you might say.

Not surprisingly, these bugs have made a good-night nump less of a turn-on than late reruns of *Happy Days*. Honestly—how can an educated soul get excited in the Mine Shaft knowing that every anal kiss, every throbbing dong, and every swish of the hips might breed herpes, hepatitis, crabs, the clap, or scabies on one's once-virgin torso?

Putting medical problems aside, a more romantic homosexual who brings a barmate home can also face murder, robbery, and non-stop clichéd conversation: "I cut Frank Langella's hair Tuesday. He's such a pussycat."

Harry brought home a Westchester college student the other night. He met the object of his desire at the 14th Street subway station. It was immediate lust across the platform. The young man, who was staying with Coop City relatives, was on his way to the Paradise Garage when the opportunity of being with Harry changed his plans. Harry wishes he hadn't. Besides thinking sex

was best when his partner lay on his stomach and played dead, this Bronx lad stole a few knjeckknacks worth \$200.

Joe, an interior decorator, while asleep was robbed of \$2,000 worth of clothing and two suitcases by his trick. Ezra, a West Side psychologist, found his container of coke missing after a satisfying session of bump-and-grind.

For now I chant, "Long live masturbation and a good book!"

How far can tastelessness go? A good barometer is the *Crank Call Show* on cable TV Friday nights. Here for an hour anyone can call up and spread his idiocy to he masses while keeping his reputation intact. The format: an attractive, bearded chap sits staring at you, and while you are cursing or singing, he might type on the screen, "Z-z-z-z-z" or "Ho-hum." He only hangs up on racist jokers. Obviously, the following passed his low standards of decency:

Why can't you pee at a Beatles' concert?

There's no john.

Continued on page 27



NATIVE

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